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NOTES AND QUERIES, every Saturday, price 3d., stamped 4d. No. 107, on November 15th, enlarged to 54 pages, contains:—Perkin Warbeck, by Sir F. Madden—Jewish Sermon on Stone, by Rev. Moses Margulies—Caxton Memorial, by Bolton Corney—Salut of Mary Queen of Scots, described by Rev. Dr. Todd—Donizetti a Scotchman—Claims of Literature—Folk-Lore—Capote—Coleridge's Christabel—Texts before Sermons—and many other interesting Notes, Queries and Replies. A Specimen Number sent on receipt of four postage stamps.

The Monthly Part, No. 24, issued Nov. 1, price 1s. 3d., contains Articles on Literary History, Biography, Philology, Bibliography, Folk-Lore, &c., by Mr. Halliwell, Dr. Hartmann, Bolton Corney, T. J. Buckton, S. Hickson, W. S. Gibson, Rev. Dr. Todd, J. Crossley, Beriah Botfield, J. O. Halliwell, and other distinguished Writers. Order of all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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HISTORY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

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Agapanthus umbellatus
Asparagus, to transplant
Birds, British song, by Mr. Kidd
Books reviewed: Hooker's 'Species Filicum,' Fulman on 'Fruit Fishing,' Crab's Dictionary
Broccoli, by Mr. Ayres
Calceolarius, bedding
Calendar, Horticultural
Charcoal, best
Cinerarias, culture of
Cryptomeria japonica
Crystal Palace, trees in
Cucumber disease, in
Cucumbers, soil for
Emigration, Irish
Farming, small, system of
Figs, late, by Mr. Lee
Fish, preservation of
Forest trees, to prune
Garden, kitchen, to crop, by Mr. Steel
Gorse, culture of
Grape mildew (with Engraving)
Heracleum giganteum
Horticultural Society's schedule for 1852, remarks on
Ivy on exterior walls
Kitchen Garden, to crop, by Mr. Steel
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Mangold Wurzel
Manure, bones as
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JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

REVIEWS

The History of the United States of America.
By Richard Hildreth. Vols. IV. and V. New
York, Harper & Brothers; London, Low.

THESE two volumes—which are a continuation of three previously published by Mr. Hildreth, and reviewed by us at the time of their publication [*Athen.* No. 1158]—treat of that period of American history which must always be necessarily the most interesting to the student and the philosopher. The first—or Vol. IV. of the series—treats of the administration of Washington, and comes down from the year 1788 to the year 1797; the second—Vol. V.—discusses the Presidencies of John Adams and Jefferson, and comes down from the year 1797 to the year 1807. The two volumes, therefore, contain the record and the philosophy, according to Mr. Hildreth's ability, of the foundation and consolidation of the great American Republic:—its early political distractions, its dangers, its efforts, its characteristic faults and merits at the outset, and its final success.

A vivid and spirited narrative, or a truly scientific history of this period of the career of the people of the United States, would certainly be a welcome contribution to English literature. We cannot say that Mr. Hildreth's two bulky volumes are either the one or the other. While they present, and even in an increased degree, the good qualities of the volumes which preceded them—fulness, conscientiousness, and accuracy of detail,—they exhibit in quite an equal degree the faults which we complained of in their predecessors—dryness, insipidity, want of power to arrest the reader's attention or stir his feelings, and absence of scientific breadth and generality. It is positively a matter of surprise to us how Mr. Hildreth could go over a period of history so abounding in notable men and incidents, with such fidelity to all the minutiae which make up their series, and yet with such absolute incapacity to convey any strong interest in them to his readers—such imperturbable apathy with regard to every person, place, or thing named or referred to. Here is a work treating—and treating with laborious and scrupulous amplitude—of the lives and actions of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and their American coevals—men, surely, whose lineaments are worthy of being scanned and remembered by every member of the Anglo-Saxon race, as well as by many who do not belong to that race,—and yet the execution of the work is so dull, stolid, and jejune, that the most wakeful reader will hardly be able to keep himself from falling asleep while perusing it. In the Preface to the fourth volume the author observes, that “the nature of the subject must necessarily give to some portions of the work somewhat more of an emotional character than was consistent with the multiplicity and rapid succession of events in the former volumes:”—and adds, that “very likely the charge of partizanship may now be urged by some of those same critics who thought those volumes too apathetic and coldly impartial.” The remark might have been spared. The charge of partizanship we care not particularly to bring forward; but we find not one trait of that “emotional character” of which Mr. Hildreth desires thus apologetically to apprise us. Were he making out an inventory of goods for a sale, or copying a lexicon, Mr. Hildreth could not be more unemotional. And it is time that this plea of impartiality should be estimated at its real worth when it is alleged as a justification for apathy such as Mr. Hildreth's. To be uninteresting, and to allege impartiality as the

reason for this, is, strictly considered, a mere covering of a conscious defect under an excuse that seems plausible. An author might easily be far more impartial than Mr. Hildreth, and yet fifty times more interesting. That a history should be *interesting*, whatever else it is, ought to be laid down as absolutely essential:—posterity, according to the saying of Kant, extricating themselves from the accumulation of circumstantial histories by refusing to remember the past unless from that point of view in which it concerns themselves. This interest may be attained either by the vivacity and picturesqueness of the narrative, or by the philosophic unity of purpose which may be made to pervade the whole. In a History of the United States, perhaps the latter species of interest is the more easy to be attained and the more desirable,—the facts which compose that history being precisely of the kind which it requires a mind of scientific generality to group and give a powerful meaning to. American history, in fact, ought to be written in the spirit of social philosophy:—it ought to be viewed both by writer and by reader less as the epic of the fortunes of a special nation (in any case the epic element is but small) than as an illustration on a large scale of the doctrines of political science. But as Mr. Hildreth's work is deficient in the one species of interest, so it is deficient in the other. For philosophic views of the political progress of America, and of the function of the American race in human civilization, we must go to such writers as De Toqueville,—not to Mr. Hildreth, whose work may be described rather as a laborious *résumé* of the minutes of the meetings of Congress than as a history of what the great American people did, thought and said, from 1788 to 1807.

One of the best portions of the volumes before us, is the sketch with which the first of them opens of the rise and early opposition of the two great parties which have ever divided the field of American politics—the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists.—

“The whole people of the United States, on the question of ratifying or rejecting the Federal Constitution, had been suddenly arranged, for the first time, into two definite and well-marked political parties. Into this new array of national politics were speedily absorbed all the various local parties by which, since the conclusion of the Revolutionary struggle, the states had all been more or less agitated, some of them even to the pitch of insurrection and civil war. In most of the towns and cities, the seats of trade and mechanical industry, the friends of the new Constitution formed a very decided majority. Much was hoped from the organization of a vigorous national government, and the exercise of the extensive powers vested in it for the regulation of commerce. Boston, Baltimore, and Charleston celebrated in turn, and with no little pomp, the acceptance of the new system by the states to which they belonged. The ratification of the Federal Constitution by ten State Conventions, at the dates and by the majorities expressed in the following table—

1787, Dec. 3, Delaware	unanimously
Dec. 13, Pennsylvania	46 to 23
Dec. 19, New Jersey	unanimously
1788, Jan. 2, Georgia	unanimously
Jan. 9, Connecticut	128 to 40
Feb. 6, Massachusetts	187 to 168
April 28, Maryland	63 to 12
May 23, South Carolina	149 to 73
June 21, New Hampshire	57 to 46
June 25, Virginia	89 to 79

having made it certain that the new government would go into operation, the approaching anniversary of the national independence was selected in Philadelphia for duly celebrating an event in which that city felt indeed a peculiar interest, because it looked forward to becoming the national capital. * * The friends of the new Constitution, taking for themselves the title of Federalists, bestowed that of anti-Federalists on their opponents. Those opponents insisted, however, that these names, if interchanged, would

have been much more appropriately applied. The new Constitution, aiming, as it did, at a self-sustaining national government, was, they insisted, something more than federal, and its supporters, therefore, more than Federalists—a name which might, with more justice, have been given to those who preferred a really federal compact. The name of anti-Federalists would seem to imply opposition to the union of the states; but by most of that party any such imputation was very warmly disclaimed. So far from being opposed to the Union, they declared themselves willing to make great sacrifices to maintain it. Notwithstanding the slight ebullitions of feeling already noticed—so slight that history has almost forgotten to record them, but important as showing the actual state of the public mind—no disposition was anywhere evinced to resist the will of the majority as declared in legal form. In all the ratifying states the anti-Federalists expressed their readiness to aid, in good faith, in putting the new system into operation. But they insisted with great vehemence on the absolute necessity of immediate amendments, which had, indeed, been recommended by four out of the ten ratifying conventions, or five out of eleven, counting New York.”

The accounts given by Mr. Hildreth of the early debates in Congress on the subject of slavery and the slave-trade are worthy of attention; but they are all of too great length to be quoted here. For a similar reason, we must abstain from quoting from the portion of the volumes before us which, on the whole, we have found least liable to the objection of want of interest:—that in which a detailed account is given of the negotiations with France in which the United States became involved after the convulsion of the European Continent by the French Revolution. As it will be but fair to Mr. Hildreth to quote a passage of some length where from the nature of the subject he may be supposed to have done his best,—we select the following attempt at a portraiture of the three most conspicuous statesmen, after Washington, in the early history of the American Republic:—Jefferson, John Adams, and Hamilton.—

“Gifted by nature with a penetrating understanding, a lively fancy, and sensibilities quick and warm; endowed with powers of pleasing, joined to a desire to please, which made him, in the private circle, when surrounded by friends and admirers, one of the most agreeable of men; exceedingly anxious to make a figure, yet far more desirous of applause than of power; fond of hypothesis, inclined to dogmatize, little disposed to argument or controversy, impatient of opposition, seeing everything so highly coloured by his feelings as to be quite incapable of candour or justice toward those who differed from him; adroit, supple, insinuating, and, where he had an object to accomplish, understanding well how to flatter and to captivate; led by the warmth of his feelings to lay himself open to his friends, but toward the world at large cautious and shy; cast, both as to intellect and temperament, in a mould rather feminine than masculine, Jefferson had returned from France, strengthened and confirmed by his residence and associations there in those theoretical ideas of liberty and equality to which he had given utterance in the Declaration of Independence. During his residence in Europe, as well as pending the Revolutionary struggle, Jefferson's attention seems to have been almost exclusively directed toward abuses of power. Hence his political philosophy was almost entirely negative—its sum total seeming to be the reduction of the exercise of authority within the narrowest possible limits, even at the risk of depriving government of its ability for good as well as for evil: a theory extremely well suited to place him at the head of those who, for various reasons, wished to restrict, as far as might be, the authority of the new general government. Though himself separated from the mass of the people by elegance of manners, refined tastes, and especially by philosophical opinions on the subject of religion, in political affairs Jefferson was disposed to allow a controlling, indeed absolute, authority to the popular judgment. The many he thought to be always more

honest and disinterested, and, in questions where the public interests were concerned, more wise than the few, who might always be suspected of having private purposes of their own to serve. Hence he was ever ready to allow even his most cherished theoretical principles to drop into silence the moment he found them in conflict with the popular current. To sympathize with popular passions seemed to be his test of patriotism; to sail before the wind as a popular favourite, the great object of his ambition; and it was under the character of a condescending friend of the people that he rose first to be the head of a party, and then the chief magistrate of the nation. The two men who stood most immediately and obviously in Jefferson's way were John Adams, the vice-president, and Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury; men in character, temperament, and opinions as different from him as they were from each other. By dint of untiring energy, seconded by great natural abilities, and an unextinguishable thirst for eminence which brooked no superior and hardly an equal, Adams had risen from the condition of a country lawyer, the son of a poor farmer and mechanic, through various grades of public service, to the eminence which he now held. Nor did his aspirations stop short of the highest distinction in the power of the nation to bestow. Having risen by no paltry arts of popularity or intrigue, for which he was but little fitted, nor by any captivating charm of personal manners, which he was very far from possessing, but owing everything to the respect which his powerful talents, his unwearying labours, and his great public services had inspired, he still desired to be what he always had been, a leader rather than a follower,—rather to guide public opinion than merely to sail before it. He, too, had his political theories, very different from those of Jefferson—theories which he had not hesitated to set forth with a frankness very dangerous to his popularity. Alarmed at the leveling principles, as he esteemed them, to which the progress of the French Revolution had given rise, he had lately published, in Fenn's United States Gazette, a series of 'Discourses on Davila,' in which his political views were enforced and explained, not a little to the disgust of Jefferson and others, who professed peculiar regard for popular rights. Taking the history of nations, particularly Davila's account of the French civil wars, and the aspect of society, as his text, Adams pointed out as the great spring of human activity, at least in all that related to politics, the love of superiority, the desire of distinction, admiration and applause. Hence, in all societies, perpetual struggles for power. Nor, in his opinion, could any form of government be permanent or secure which did not provide as well for the reasonable gratification as for the due restraint of this powerful passion. As a means toward gratifying it in a harmless way, Adams was inclined to favour a liberal use of titles of honour and other ceremonious distinctions; and on this same ground he vindicated the institution of a senate, seats in which might serve as a legitimate object of ambition to the rich and well-born. To counteract the encroachments of this aristocratical body, a popular assembly on the broadest basis would be necessary; and, to hold the balance between the two, and to prevent the one from gradually encroaching upon and ultimately annihilating the other, a powerful executive. Only by means of such an equilibrium of authority, as it seemed to him, could liberty be secure; and in establishing and maintaining such a balance consisted the great art and science of government. Whether the frequent elections of governors and senators, adopted under the American Constitutions, would not rather serve as an avenue to corruption instead of excluding it, as the theory was, Adams seemed greatly to doubt, and to incline to the opinion that the time would come when hereditary descent would be regarded as less an evil than annual fraud, if not violence also. Even in New England, as he pointed out, communities and governments the most democratic in the world, the influence of family and the claim to hereditary respect had been recognized in the political honours freely bestowed by annual election, through successive generations, on members of a few distinguished families, to which the higher offices had been chiefly restricted. On the basis of these principles Adams had concluded that the new French Constitution, which disavowed all distinctions of rank, which vested the legislative authority in a

single assembly, and which, though retaining the office of king, stripped it of a large portion of its power, could not be lasting. As to Paine's 'Rights of Man,' an American edition of the first part of which had just been published, prefaced by a very complimentary note from Jefferson, not without an evident slur at the political heresies of the 'Discourses on Davila,' Adams declared that he held that pamphlet in utter detestation. Nor was it long before a criticism upon it, under the signature of 'Publícola,' made its appearance in a Boston paper, written by John Quincy Adams, son of the vice-president, but which rumour ascribed to the vice-president himself. In the promising talents of that son, in energy and labour not inferior to his father, though in some other respects much below him, Adams could hardly fail to see additional ground for his idea, that hereditary distinctions were but in conformity to the order of nature. In this theory of politics Adams seems entirely to have overlooked one most important consideration. If the love of superiority and distinction leads to the institution of ranks and orders, that very same sentiment diffusing itself through the mass of the people produces impatience of the superiority of others, and a disinclination to submit to that inferiority which the existence of ranks and orders implies. Hence it would seem to follow that, in a country like America, where the sentiment of political equality was so widely diffused, anything approaching to a distinction of ranks was quite out of the question, democratical equality being, in fact, only a further development of the effects of that very same sentiment out of which aristocratical distinctions originally grow. Much less of a scholar or a speculatist than either Jefferson or Adams, but a very sagacious observer of mankind, and possessed of practical talents of the highest order, Hamilton's theory of government seems to have been almost entirely founded on what had passed under his own observation during the war of the Revolution and subsequently, previous to the adoption of the new Constitution. As Washington's confidential aide-de-camp, and as a member of the Continental Congress after the peace, he had become very strongly impressed with the impossibility of duly providing for the public good, especially in times of war and danger, except by a government invested with ample powers, and possessing means for putting those powers into vigorous exercise. To give due strength to a government it was necessary, in his opinion, not only to invest it on paper with sufficient legal authority, but to attach the most wealthy and influential part of the community to it by the ties of personal and pecuniary advantage; for, though himself remarkably disinterested, acting under an exalted sense of personal honour and patriotic duty, Hamilton was inclined, like many other men of the world, to ascribe to motives of pecuniary and personal interest a somewhat greater influence over the course of events than they actually possess. Having but little confidence either in the virtue or the judgment of the mass of mankind, he thought the administration of affairs most safe in the hands of a select few; nor in private conversation did he disguise his opinion, that to save her liberties from foreign attack or intestine commotions, America might yet be driven into serious alterations of her Constitution, giving to it more of a monarchical and aristocratical cast. He had the sagacity to perceive, what subsequent experience has abundantly confirmed, that the Union had rather to dread resistance of the States to federal power than executive usurpation; but he was certainly mistaken in supposing that a president and senate for life or good behaviour, such as he had suggested in the Federal Convention, could have given any additional strength to the government. That strength, under all elective systems, must depend on public confidence; and public confidence is best tested and secured by frequent appeals to the popular vote.

This single extract, which we believe to be the most careful and significant that could be taken from the whole book, will give an idea both of Mr. Hildreth's best style and of the spirit in which he personally regards the history of his country. On this latter point, we have to object that Jefferson—a man of remarkable powers, and whose spirit has more intimately

transferred itself into the heart and hereditary sentiment of the American people than that of perhaps any other American, not perhaps excepting even Washington—does not seem to have received a full enough measure of that appreciation which even Mr. Hildreth might have been able to give him. Jefferson we regard as the type and father of much that is now most characteristic in the American mind; and in any history of the United States he ought to figure largely.

In conclusion, and without multiplying extracts, we have to repeat that Mr. Hildreth's work is, in its kind, a most conscientious and laborious undertaking,—as an accumulation of particulars and a register of debates unrivalled,—and therefore extremely valuable to all who wish to prosecute minute researches into the history of the Union or of the several States composing it:—but that, for a book possessing these merits, it has small claim indeed to be regarded as a good and readable history.

Visiting my Relations, and its Results; a Series of Small Episodes in the Life of a Recluse.
PICKERING.

THIS book does not aspire to charm by the story—or rather series of sketches—which its pages unfold;—and its style is singularly devoid of all those devices to captivate and to excite which belong to fine writing. Yet we have not lately read a volume of its kind with greater relish. Calm sense, quiet humour, and nice perception of character distinguish it in no common measure. If its author thinks more of his conversations than of his incidents, he has studied human weakness and inconsistency without being soured by the sight; and, without arrogance or offence, he is not afraid of confronting some of the most popular affectations of the day, literary and philanthropic.—The imaginary "Recluse" is an old bachelor, who, being drawn from his retreat in Northumberland, pays a round of visits to distant relations and old friends. He begins his circuit with a showy, sanguine, scheming nephew, blest with a wife all sweetness, whose hollow unreality is touched with a hand of good-humoured ridicule.—Thence he passes to the household of an old friend, where the "better half" is too real a lady,—has only too much heart and sympathy, and conscience and anxiety,—frets herself about her duties and her trials, and her fears and her feelings, till few within the sphere of her presence can escape being fretted by contact, if not by sympathy. While he is the inmate of the Seymours, our Bachelor Recluse is led to recall the story of his own young love and its failure. This is little less true and saddening than Miss Edgeworth's 'Modest Griselda.'—The next slide in the magic lantern shows our Recluse among the humanitarians, in company with a Mr. Grey, described as under.—

"I had known him at college, where he distinguished himself a great deal more by his eccentricities than by his habits of study. He came late to the University;—having been previously engaged in business, for which he was designed and educated, but which he abandoned with a view to read for orders, intending, most probably, to sway the ecclesiastical world as an archbishop. But there were too many candidates in that line, to hold out much prospect of success; and having done little else than lose both time and money, he quitted college, and devoted himself to a variety of projects for regenerating the world; as a fit preparation for which, he spent two or three years abroad with Pestalozzi;—from thence, he migrated to America, and having looked after modes of education there, I could gather, to his wonted purpose of reforming mankind. This was a design he had taken in hand when I first became acquainted with him; and many were the

crochets that occupied his imagination on this subject, during his residence in college."

Mr. Grey's pet crochet at the moment of encounter was, a new educational establishment, of which the following was the prospectus.—

"At Sedley House,

"Near M——, in Surrey,

"Mr. and Mrs. Neale beg to announce, that they receive individuals of all ages, and both sexes, to board and educate; devoting themselves, with the assistance of properly qualified instructors, to the development in their pupils of the highest perfection both of mind and body of which they may be susceptible. Proceeding on the principle that there is a divine germ to be elicited from the soul by the culture of Love, and perfect health from the corporal frame by the pursuit of a pure and simple diet, the most delicate attention towards the former on the part of philosophical minds, and a strictly vegetarian regimen as it respects the latter, will be the leading features in their scholastic administration. The fine arts of poetry, painting and music will claim pre-eminent attention; while the abstruser subjects of the mathematics, algebra, geometry, and the dead languages, will not be forgotten. In a scheme which is based solely upon the principle of universal love and harmony, it is almost revolting to have to recur to pecuniary points. In the present stage of human affairs, it seems, however, indispensable to be furnished with means of that description. It may suffice to say, that no terms sufficiently remunerative will be refused; and it is left, therefore, an open question, to be determined by the ability of parties themselves, as to what will constitute the annual payment of respective pupils. Further particulars may be obtained on application to J. Grey, Esq., No. —, Carey St., Lincoln's Inn Fields; by whom, any aid to the work, in the form of pecuniary contributions, will be thankfully received."

Our Recluse's tea-drinking with Mr. Grey's collaborators, and his subsequent visit to Sedley House, are told with a humour which in its fairness and fineness recalls to us Mr. Peacock's manner of dealing with systems. The following little scene whimsically closes Mr. Middleton's visit to this vegetarian Paradise under the law of love.—

"After sauntering up and down for about a quarter of an hour, I perceived the two little Dobson boys within a few yards of me, very busily engaged in heaping mould into bits of broken flower-pots, and arranging them in an orderly way on the gravel walk, after the fashion of dishes at a dinner table. They were so engrossed that they took no notice of me; and I heard one say to the other, 'This is a leg of pork.'—'And this is sausages,' was the reply.—'And this is a ham.'—'And this is a leg of mutton.'—'And this is roast pig.'—'What have you got there?' said I, coming close to them. 'Any thing for me?' They looked shy at first, but after a few kindly words, I succeeded in drawing them into conversation. 'I dare say you are very happy here,' said I.—'I am not happy at all,' replied one of them.—'Nor I neither,' said the other.—'What, not with these beautiful grounds to play in?'—'No; I want something nice to eat.'—'What do you call nice?'—'Polonies are nice.'—'And so are saveloys,' said the other.—'What would you do now, if I were to give you a shilling a piece?'—'My! wouldn't I have a feed? I'd have a mutton pie, and —' 'I'd have sausage rolls,' interrupted the other, 'and ham, and —' I didn't stay to hear the rest of the catalogue of anticipated dainties, but leaving them the donation with as much satisfaction as I ever experienced in the expenditure of two shillings, I returned to the house to seek my comrade, whom I now hoped to find inclined to depart."

The last experiment made by our Recluse is in the family of a niece, who believes herself, and is believed, to be "serious" in the common (not always, however, the common-sense) acceptance of that adjective. Here, again, the anatomist is alike firm, temperate and benevolent,—with the candour of conscientious liberality and the judgment of a true artist, abstaining from anything like caricature or injurious epithet. Not, however, intending to

make any extracts from this portion of the 'Episodes,' we must here bring our notice to a close. Too many pretences are, one after another, quietly disposed of in this chronicle for us to expect for it an enthusiastic reception. Nor do we pretend to agree with all its writer's reasonings and conclusions. But it is a book from which every one who reads to an end can hardly fail to derive benefit, support, and hope,—as from a counsellor philosophical without pedantry and religious without bigotry or bitterness.

The Literature and the Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland. By Abraham Mills, A.M. 2 vols. New York, Harper Brothers; London, Low.

FOR a complete description of the subject of these two volumes twenty would hardly suffice. They attempt no less than a review of the whole authorship of these islands, from the first dawn of English down to the close of the eighteenth century; and this not in general outlines, but with a several notice of each conspicuous writer throughout that long period. The task thus treated, in any limited compass, can at best amount to little more than a biographical dictionary, disposed in the order of time, instead of an alphabetic arrangement;—and the result in the present case is not quite the best that might have been attained. Mr. Mills's method may have suited his original purpose,—the production, namely, of a series of lectures, in which probably little more was required than a cursory view of the whole subject. But it is too superficial to give the book in which they now appear more than a qualified value as a literary treatise.

His manner of proceeding is generally as follows:—Beginning with the earliest writings in English, after a short preamble, he marshals his authors by certain divisions of time; which afterwards, on arriving at the richer periods, are again subdivided among the principal branches of composition. At times, on reaching some important point,—as the preaching of Wicliffe's Reformation, the Elizabethan stage, &c.—the list of names is introduced by a short general summary; but the substance of the work throughout is the special enumeration of all authors in successive notices. Dates and other biographical matter being first set down, the writer's productions are briefly named, with a description of their qualities, too scanty for any critical purpose. After this an extract or two is produced, of a kind convenient for recitation. This done, the lecturer goes on to the next in succession, without further comment. On some eminent names—such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton—more space and attention are bestowed; but the descriptions of these even cannot be termed either full or characteristic as literary portraits. Considerable pains have been taken in gathering materials from various available sources; by which the author says he has been enlarging and verifying his lectures during their successive repetition for the last twenty years. His data, as to matters of fact, may, with some exceptions, be accurate enough. But his power of giving a lively view of these or of the more genial part of his subject does not equal his industry; and the effect of the several essays, as now read in sequence, is, on the whole, both dry and fragmentary. Of this result a part may fairly be ascribed to the nature of his plan; in which completeness in certain respects could be attained within a compass of forty-six lectures only by a sacrifice of the more material requisite of proportion. Where all must be named in so rapid a course, not only is the space for the superior few inevitably narrowed by the crowd of minor figures,

—but with all the bare historic notices exhaust most of the space that can be given to any. Nor is this disadvantage here relieved by anything very pregnant or sensitive in the original remarks which room was left to introduce. Mr. Mills writes in a sedate and rather verbose manner, without betraying much warmth even on occasions of the rarest kind. In the discrimination of particular beauties or defects, he seems to be content with a few cursory or received phrases; and he makes no sufficient attempt to indicate broader characteristics or essential features, either of individual authors or in great literary schools or periods. Nicer questions of literary history are either untouched, or taken as settled and treated as certainties without further hesitation. To this random process, curiously enough, the first and last of Mr. Mills's authors—Ossian and Junius—are alike peremptorily subjected. Ossian is placed, in the fourth century, as a real personage, "according to Blair and Kames,"—Mr. Mills declaring that he will not "concern himself with perplexed questions." As to Junius, he "assumes" that "the mystery is revealed," and thereupon treats him as identical with Francis. "The question," he avers, "does not affect the literary character of the work." But it is of some consequence, one would think, to the character of a work treating of the "literary men of Great Britain" as well as of its literature, that authors should not be "assumed," or works assigned, except upon sufficient evidence.

To this must be added another defect, most likely caused by a temptation from which lecturers rarely escape. The power of recited verse being much greater over miscellaneous audiences than that of the best examples of prose, while specimens of the one also suffer less in extract than the other, it is difficult to avoid bringing poetry into the foreground on all occasions,—with a view rather to success in the delivery than to the relative demands of the subject. This, at all events, from whatever cause, is a visible fault in Mr. Mills's lectures. Of authors practised in both styles, the metrical pieces always obtain the chief—often the only—place. In some cases—as for instance, in regard to Swift, a writer, who owes remembrance wholly to his prose works,—the latter are slurred over with undeserved neglect, while the hearer's attention is called to his insignificant labours in the poetical field. Where, like Goldsmith, the writer excels in both, he is apt to be treated with partiality of the same kind, though not quite so perverse as in the other case. Eminent authors who have not written verses are apt to be passed over with more haste than is becoming:—and nothing like equal justice is done to the names of Raleigh, Browne, Fielding, Smollett, Walpole, Johnson and Burke. Exclusive of mere biographical matter, the notices of these great writers bear no proportion at all to their merits or relative station in letters,—while nearly as much attention is paid to third-rate figures, and even more to some dissenting theologians whose writings can hardly be said to belong to literature in any sense deserving a place here.

For this and other reasons, it must be said that although Mr. Mills has drawn up a copious, if not quite complete, list of authors, and of these has collected a number of details with laudable industry,—his work cannot be described as a sufficient account of the "literature and literary men of Great Britain and Ireland." It will afford the student but little aid towards forming a comprehensive general view of this ample subject: and its separate notices will not teach him what it is of most consequence to know of the several authors which it enumerates.—As a book for superficial reference on

certain points it may be serviceable: but this kind of service has only a limited value.

The author's style, habitually stiff, is at times ungraceful:—as in this extract (from the passage on Chaucer).—

"He was invited to leave his prospective profession, and enter into the service of the king. Assenting without hesitation to this proposition, Edward the Third at once appointed him one of his pages. * * From the office of king's page, Chaucer was elevated to the position of gentleman of the king's privy chamber. * * From the position of 'gentleman,' &c. &c. he became shield-bearer to his majesty, and in that capacity attended the king during his celebrated invasion of France, which terminated in the prostration of that nation by the victory obtained upon the hill of Crecy," &c.

The introduction of some American solecisms in spelling, which have been noticed in former arrivals from New York—such as "luster," "center,"—errors such as *itinerary* for "itinerary," and *Lucastra* explained as *lux castra*, in naming Lovelace's poetry—may pass for mere printer's mistakes. In a professed lecturer on English literature, they would be more unseemly than in merely uneducated writers of the Western world:—whose innovations can have no influence in perverting the standard of elegant letters.

The Ansayrii, or Assassins; with Travels in the further East in 1850-51. Including a Visit to Nineveh. By Lieut. the Hon. F. Walpole. 3 vols. Bentley.

MARCO POLO, the old traveller, gives a romantic account of the followers of Hassan ben Sabah, known in European history under the name of Assassins,—of their mountain home at Alamoot,—and of the means by which they were wrought on by their chief to the perpetration of their terrible crimes. He describes one of the devotees of this strange sect, who had been selected by the Sheikh al Jebel for a dangerous mission, being carried, while under the influence of a powerful opiate, to the gardens of Alamoot, where, on awaking, he found himself surrounded by every luxury that could excite and gratify the human senses,—and was then told that this was but a foretaste of the bliss secured to all who sought death in the service of his lord. This sect was at one time spread over half the Islam world. The sheikh established a branch of his power in the mountains of Lebanon; and for more than a century and a half the repose of the greatest princes in Europe and in Asia was disturbed by incessant fears of poison and the dagger. But the time of retribution came. The Mongol conquerors rooted the sect out of Persia:—fourteen years later, they were subdued in Syria by the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt. A remnant, as is generally supposed, survived this terrible chastisement,—taking refuge in the wild ranges and recesses of the mountains, where they have continued to reside apart from all the other sects and populations of Syria, hating all and hated by all, Jew, Greek, Catholic, and Mohammedan, down to our own time.

Certain it is, that up in the northern spurs of Lebanon there dwells a people, known as the Ansayrii, whose tenets resemble in some respects those of the Assassins. Of this people—and of the tract of country which they occupy—little is known in Europe. Our best maps are there left blank,—our most adventurous travellers tell as little of that region. The Turks themselves, sovereigns of the country, seldom or never venture into it. In ancient times, the inhabitants called themselves the children of Ishmael; and the old announcement that the hand of the son of that chief should be against every man, and every man's hand against him, has been literally fulfilled in regard to the Ansayrii. Their district is consequently virgin

ground for the adventurous tourist. Books will tell a man little or nothing of the country,—road-books, maps, and traveller's companions there are none. Even Burckhardt stayed but one night in an Ansayrii village. Nearly all that Pococke could learn about the people was, that they drank good wine. Mr. Walpole has consequently a novel and curious theme on which to employ his narrative powers;—and he brings to it, let us add, a ripper mind and steadier hand than he displayed in his 'Four Years in the Pacific' [see *Athen.* No. 1139].

At the end of his second volume,—which, as well as its predecessor, we may dismiss at once with the single remark that the ground travelled over—Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and the southern shore of the Black Sea—have been often travelled before, and more adequately described,—Mr. Walpole found himself at Beyroot, with time on his hands and money in his pocket, literally without an object. Looking at the map for a new route, his eye fell, as he tells us in his preface, on the blank between Safya and Nahr el Kebir;—and he determined to penetrate that unknown region, and try to resolve "the Asian Mystery."

His first night at an Ansayrii village was not very encouraging; and a more timid traveller might possibly have come away with no more than Burckhardt's experience of the inhabitants.—

"After passing the river we had a heavy and deep swamp to wade through, in which Ibrahim and his donkey were nearly lost; passed also some encampments of the Semmer Arabs. The plain stretched back, and the mountains bore on their summits two or more castles, of which I promised myself the exploring on my return. Reached the village of El Hah, near which I asked for a cup of water. 'We have none.'—'Ah,' I replied, 'I need not ask if this is a Christian or a Mussulman village.'—'Why?' they asked.—'Because, had it been a Christian village I should not have asked in vain.' A woman upon this brought me bread and water, saying, 'Let not your mouth curse us, my lord, for inhospitality to the stranger.' My guards quite disparaged the castles, assuring me there were hundreds of them. Pulled up at an Ansayrii village; the women were unveiled, the men fair-complexioned, but with eyes, brows, hair, &c., as black as coal. The head-man pressed me much to stop with him at the village. My guards seemed rather afraid; in fact, had some hours before made an endeavour to stop at a set of tents; but I wished to push on to Tartousa. We now forced our way through a low wood, putting up woodcocks at every step. I counted, during the hour we were going through it, two hundred and seven. Passed a ruined *borje*, and then, taking the lower road, arrived at 10 o'clock at night at Tartousa. It had poured with rain for the last three hours. We had to make the circuit of the town to arrive at the gate, and then all our bawling produced no effect. At last we pushed the boy Ibrahim inside, who is one of those clever boys nature has made, to balance their happier fortunes, supernaturally ugly; he opened the gate, and then ran on shouting 'fire,' so we entered a café, leaving a dreadful tumult and confusion outside. It was useless at that hour waiting for a house, so a part of the café was cleared for me, and I sat in silent grandeur eating my supper, enveloped in smoke and dust. We had an awful fight of steeds: then all relapsed into silence. There were besides myself, about fifty muleteers, Arabs, and Ansayrii in the kham. I did not undress, for my bed was soaked with wet from crossing the river, but lay on my carpet, leaning against a large saddle-bag. After all had been quiet for a couple of hours or so, I felt a hand introduced deep into the saddle-bag at my back. I waited till the fellow was hard at work, when, seizing his beard with one hand, I administered my kourbash most stingingly with the other. He was a heavy powerful fellow, but the part I had seized on was most painfully sensitive. He, however, at last broke away, and by that time all were roused and swearing; my antagonist loudly calling on the Mahometans to avenge the insults to their faith,

Knowing the people, however, I called for a nag-gilleh, which Ibrahim brought: he seems to take a fiendish delight in strong excitements. They now cursed and swore frightfully:—their faith, their name, mothers', fathers', sisters' honours—all were involved in disgrace if the insult were not avenged. At last they approached me where I sat, the three servants standing before me, and were going to begin; but this I spared them, by saying that if the thief was not at once given in charge, and the Montselim sent for, I should do wonders; that such a deadly insult had never, &c. &c. The soldiers had slunk off, but ultimately, in consequence of my servant's bluster, who represented me as a sort of judge of kings—who did not rule, because it was low, or for some private reason of my own—(their bright arm and my numerous weapons no doubt also had their effect)—my slumber remained undisturbed till daylight; when a man in high authority returned with the servant I had sent with my boureydes and frama, and, apologising for the lodgings I occupied, and for the Montselim's not having known of my arrival, and receiving me with due honours, asked me if I wished to see the man tried. Answering in the affirmative, a short court was held, and about one hundred sound cuts administered, when I begged him off. The foremost in abuse were then seized and thrown down, when I begged for them also. They all mumbled kisses (probably curses) over my hand, hoped 'I should live long, and grow fat.'"

Proceeding to Latakia, which town he made his head-quarters for a time, Mr. Walpole began to make acquaintance with some of the Ansayrii, and got occasional glimpses into the secret arcana of their doctrines. The fact of his being an Englishman favoured his progress; as the tribes of Lebanon generally—so says Mr. Disraeli—look to England as their future protector. Of this leaning we have an instance here given.—

"Received a visit from Ismael Osman, an Ansayri, the chief of the district of Kerduha. He governs for the sultan, being under the kaimakan, or governor, here. They are said both to eat a good deal of money, and misrule considerably. They made me the kindest offers of hospitality if I would visit them—in fact, pressed me much to do so. They asked and examined with great attention my Arabic Bible, but we did not speak on any other than general subjects, the expected conscription of the sultan also, of which they entertain great dread. One of them, the head-man, offered me half his property if I would but live there, and afford him protection. 'We are eaten up, my lord. God send the day we fall under the rule of England. The Ottoman empire will soon be partitioned, and heaven grant we may fall under her rule.'"

But Mr. Walpole himself attributes his safety and success with the Ansayrii to his own shrewdness and their strange determination to believe him one of their own sect. Everywhere he met with the rude hospitality of the desert and the hill-side,—and frequently with the warmest courtesy and good nature. The manners of the people, their wretched ignorance, their strange beliefs are all described so as to interest the distant reader. The Ansayrii seem to have many good qualities; and there would be more hope for their future if the teacher could only be induced to appear amongst them. Some of the stories told illustrative of their ignorance seem as if they should refer to the savages of South America at the period of its discovery rather than to men living at the present day and within view of the Mediterranean. Take the following as an example.—

"The tombs without the town are of extraordinary depth, one, cut in the solid rock, I saw, seventeen feet deep, and also the remains of one with carving of the later Roman era. There is another at our consul's garden of the same sort. The manner of the poor French gentleman, Capt. Boutain's death, while exploring the Nahr-el-Sin, was related to me to-day. He journeyed, it appears, with one servant, each carrying a portion of the luggage. Having crossed the river, he alighted to rest; in putting his

baggage to the ground a bag of coins (he always collected them and carried them with him) rattled loudly. The fancy of the natives magnified the treasure, and they could not resist; they fell on him and killed him; they cut him to pieces afterwards. I was also told that the adventurous Lascaris was poisoned. He also resided here some time previous to the Arab tour he made, and gained great popularity among the Ansayrii; probably he did not do much among them. His subsequent career is well known: my informant hinted he was poisoned; I suppose he meant by the English. A story was related also of Count La Borde. While among the Arabs, he saw a very fine mare which he wished to purchase; while the bargain was going on (another was bargaining, he not speaking Arabic)—hearing a talk, the Arabs thronged round and jostled him rather rudely. He drew his sword: as quick as his ready steel flashed, came forward the rummah and cobbah of the Arab; he was borne back by numbers; burning with rage he plucked his head-dress, (oh, shade of the undutious son, his wig and all came too), and he cast it amidst the crowd. They fell back in terror from this man of wondrous make. 'Ya wallah, the Caffre has pulled his head off.—God help us, God pardon us.' This gave time to appease all anger; the Count replaced his wig, which had proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax or the petrifying herb of Medusa: Backshish, backshish, and all was forgotten."

Or this, in another range of ideas.—

"The other day, at dinner, the following story was related:—A Christian peasant, being anxious to witness the worship of the Druses, laid himself in a window-hole, whence he could not be seen. Presently the Druses assembled, and sitting down, recited several prayers; then they produced a figure. One said, 'You are God, who made the world; who made so and so, who did so and so. You let the Druses be beaten, and gave them up to the Turks. Now, save yourself.' And the figure was handed over to others, who soundly flogged it. Another was produced. 'You are the Saviour, the Son of God. You have brought more trouble, wars, fights on the earth than ought else. Save yourself.' And this idol was handed over, and treated like the first. Another was produced. 'You are Mahomet, and what have you done? We owe you wars, fightings—our tyrants, our persecutors. Hand him over.' And he was whipped. Another now was produced. 'You are Providence. Now, see what you can do. Save yourself.' The Christian could stand it no longer. He dashed a loose stone down among them, and they all fled. He made a retreat as soon as he could, but trending on a loose rock, it capsized over him, and he remained imprisoned. The next day his brother, working in the field, heard his cries, and forthwith released him, saying, 'Thank Providence for your release.' 'Ah,' said the other, 'Providence must thank me also; had I not thrown the stone he would have caught it nicely.'"

To the hospitality of the Ansayrii Mr. Walpole bears ample testimony:—and indeed his narrative furnishes evidence on which the reader can form his own judgment in this particular. As in the East generally, the plan of making presents was universal:—but, unlike Jew or Greek in this respect, the Ansayrii felt a strange reluctance to receive more valuable gifts in return for his own.—

"It is necessary to mention the good offices of the Ansayrii towards me, nor did others fail to reap an abundant harvest, I am sorry to say; for less scrupulous than I, they availed themselves of it to the fullest extent: greatly to my annoyance, presents flowed in daily; butter, grease, eggs, vegetables, lambs, goats, gazelles, partridges, franklin, sour milk, conds, tobacco, felts, cotton; in fact, all that they possessed; invariably a present of thrice the value was offered in return, but not accepted. However, I provided every day burgoul (millet) cooked with grease, coffee, manglees, and arrack, for all who came, and seldom fewer than one hundred or upwards fed in my corridor; money they would not receive: in fact it sometimes went so far that the present was dashed on the ground, because my servants steadily maintained I would receive none unless they received one in return. One morning the hadjee came to me in a

state of great excitement, and said 'Wallah billah, ya beg; here is the devil's third wife below; may I beat her?'—'God forbid,' I replied: 'What is it?'

—He said 'There is Abdallah, with his tongue like honey, can make nothing of her. She vows by your beard she cannot receive anything, and says you are Ali; God preserve you from her words. There she stands naked (unveiled), till my old eyes are ashamed.'—I said, 'Pray send her up:' he uttered some invocation to protect me, and she ascended to my little snugery, he discreetly waiting below. She was a young girl of about fifteen, wife of my great friend, a Sheikh Hassan. Shouting Allah, the usual salutation of an Ansayri woman, she knelt down in the corner and said, 'There are the Christians and the Turks eat us up, and love our gifts; you, one of my man's own holy chiefs, will not take my offering.'—I said, 'I shall be proud to do so, if you will take mine.'—'Ah!' she said, 'great as you are, you cannot feel for your slaves; my lord will beat me if I go back with money; how shall I creep to him? take it, take it, for his head.' Perhaps it was not his head that changed my opinion, but I took it. The sheiks even ate with me, a thing they would have lost their lives sooner than have done with a Turk, even though it were the dreaded Pasha himself."

But the hospitalities usually contained other ingredients and offers than the above:—as witness another occasion and another place.—

"On returning to the village, the people had prepared a feast ample for twenty, and pressed me to eat. On my complimenting my host on the extreme beauty of his daughters, he said:—'In your country would they fetch two thousand piastres?'—'But have the mountain youth no taste; will they not give two thousand for such angels?'—'Yes, Ya Beg, they would, but then they cannot; they have it not. They pay ten now and twenty then: perhaps the whole is not paid before ten years; then he gives a sheep to-day and a felt to-morrow, but I want two thousand down. Come marry, Ya Beg; why waste your youth in wandering over old mountains, looking at ruined stones. Marry and live long? Kismet, kismet!'"

The good sheik of course considered Mr. Walpole a true Ansayri, or he would not have made such an offer. The young females of this race are often spoken of as extremely beautiful; but their lot in life is far from being an enviable one. They are bought in the first instance like slaves—received into the husband's house like wild beasts—and ever afterwards treated like domestic animals.

From the general description of these curious people we extract the following paragraphs.—

"They are a fine, large race, with more bone and muscle than is generally found among Orientals; browner than the Osmanlee, but lighter, fairer than the Arab; brown hair is not by any means uncommon. The women, when young, are handsome, often fair with light hair and jet black eyes; or the rarer beauty of fair eyes and coal-black hair or eyebrows; but exposure to the sun, and the labours they perform, soon wear them out. The traveller will see these poor girls staggering along under a load of wood a horse would hardly carry, and the child being suckled until two, or even four years of age, naturally tends to weaken the mother, who has thus, perhaps, on very insufficient diet, to support three from her breast. * * * The nation, for such it is, being capable of mustering forty thousand warriors able to bear arms, is divided into two classes, sheiks and people; the sheiks again into two, the Sheiks or Chiefs of Religion, Sheikh el Maalem, and the temporal sheiks, or the Sheiks of Government; these being generally called Sheikh el Zollum, or Sheiks of Oppression. These latter, though some of them are of good families, are not so generally; having gained favour with government, they have received the appointment: others there are, however, whose families have held it for many generations, such as Shemseen Sultan, Sheikh Sucor, &c. The sheiks of religion are held as almost infallible, and the rest pay them the greatest respect. With regard to the succession, there seems no fixed rule; the elder brother has, however, rule over the rest, but then I have seen the son the head of the family while the father was living. The sheik of religion enjoys great privileges; as a boy he is taught to read and write; he is marked

from his fellows from very earliest childhood by a white handkerchief round his head. Early as his sense will admit, he is initiated into the principles of his faith; in this he is schooled and perfected. Early he is taught that death, martyrdom, is a glorious reward, and that sooner than divulge one word, he is to suffer the case in which his soul is enshrined to be mangled or tortured in any way. Frequent instances have been known where they have defied the Turks, who have threatened them with death if they would not divulge, saying, 'Try me, cut my heart out, and see if anything is within there.' * * * The lower classes are initiated into the principles of their religion, but not its more mystical or higher parts; they are taught to obey their chief without question, without hesitation, and to give to him abundantly at feasts and religious ceremonies: and above all, to die a thousand deaths sooner than reveal the same faith he inherits from his race."

Mr. Walpole professes to have fathomed this "Asian Mystery;" but we must say that his explanations are somewhat obscure,—as our readers shall see, this being all that is vouchsafed on the subject.—

"They worship Ali. In one of their prayers they say, 'I declare I worship Ali. Ibn Abou Talib (the Ali of Mahomet), he is above all,—a God Almighty.' They regard Mahomet el Hamyd as the prophet of God, and use the Mussulman confession—'La illa illa Allah, Mahomet el Hamyd, Resoul e nebbi Allah,' thus; but they omit all this when before Mahometans, saying merely, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.' Otherwise, they say, 'There is no God but Ali, and Mahomet el Hamyd, the Beloved, the prophet of God.' I do not intend here to enter into their belief more fully; but it is a most confused medley—a unity, a trinity, a deity. 'These are five; these five are three; these three are two; these two, these three, these five—all are one.' They believe in the transmigration of souls. Those who in this life do well, are hospitable, and follow their faith, become stars; the souls of others return to the earth, and become Ansayrii again, until, purified, they fly to rest. The souls of bad men become Jews, Christians, and Turks; while the souls of those who believe not, become pigs."

Probably Mr. Walpole has other and more precise knowledge of the matter; otherwise, we hardly see how he can boast of having "penetrated a secret which is the enigma of ages." At most, he has but told us that there is a secret—a cabalistic form, most likely—among the Ansayrii. What that secret is, he either does not know or does not choose to say:—so that the "enigma of ages" is still an enigma so far as his labours and expositions are concerned with it.

In other respects, this volume—we have been speaking solely of the third, the only one containing notes worth publication—is full of interest, and will unquestionably extend its author's reputation as a writer of travels. It is a great pity that its chance of finding an audience should be put in peril by its heavy and uninteresting companions. Many may lay the work down with the first volume. Should he reprint, we recommend Mr. Bentley to consider the policy of separating the account of Mr. Walpole's visit to the Ansayrii for a single and separate volume.

Dr. Martin Luther, the German Reformer—
[Dr. Martin Luther, &c.] Represented in Pictorial Designs by Gustav König; in Historical Sketches by Heinrich Gelzer. Hamburg, Besser; London, Williams & Norgate.

In this handsome book both Art and Literature have been employed on a memorial of the great Reformer; and each with more than common earnestness and skill. The production of a series of engravings from drawings by König of Munich may be regarded as its first object:—but care has also been taken that their illustration should give to the work a literary character in keeping with the graphic embellish-

ments. This task, declined by Ranke, on the ground of other engagements, has been performed by Professor Gelzer of Berlin, in a manner which justifies the recommendation of the eminent historian.

The letter-press consists of two portions: both to a certain extent independent of the other, yet harmonizing in the general design,—of giving to the mind as well as to the eye a lively image of the German Luther. The engravings, which are numerous enough to depict every circumstance of his life that can be painted—are each accompanied by a short written comment or explanation: the substance of which is mostly taken from the very words of the Reformer himself, or from those of his earlier biographers, which describe the passages of his life. The strong hearty language of the man and of his own time has been rightly judged the fittest to interpret sketches in which their figure and spirit are restored by the pencil,—with a natural leaning to the style of ancient German Art.

Here, of course, the Historian waits on the Painter; and his merit lies in the skill with which he can maintain a becoming part of his own, while enhancing the display of another. This duty performed, the writer proceeds to the more substantive task of tracing, in a series of comprehensive chapters, an outline of Luther's character, personal history, and relations to his time and to the destinies of Europe generally. This is not offered as a complete biography: the works of Hagenbach, Marheinecke, Jürgens, and others, having sufficiently preserved the minor details of his life, and the course of his exertions and controversies. The object here is rather to comment, in a larger sense, on the spirit and calling of the man; and to show the inward and outward purport of his work,—for the minutiae of which readers are expected to consult the biographies already extant. The "Outlines" are drawn out in distinct sections. The first includes the Reformation before Luther, and the Reformation in Luther; the second, the strife and the final rupture with Rome—including Wittenburg, Worms, and the Wartburg: where, by the translation of the Bible, "the Reformation became invincible." The third, entitled "Reformation and Revolution," depicts the controversial stage; in the first part of which the authority of Scripture and the nature of the Sacraments are chief objects: in the second the political and social warfare,—wherein the intrigues of Princes and servile Rebellion were alike controlled and rebuked by the strong hand of the Reformer. The fourth and final section is devoted to "the Reformer and his work"; viewing him first in his external mission, as the founder of a new church, then in personal domestic relations, as son and father, husband and friend. The whole is closed by a general survey of the task which Luther was destined to attempt, and endowed with special qualities, as well as enabled by the circumstances of his time, to fulfil.

The composition is not unnecessarily long,—and may be praised for its solidity and emphasis rather than for lively or eloquent representation. On the main points of Luther's character and actions, the Professor firmly takes the ground which may now be said to be universally occupied by superior minds, in Germany and elsewhere, on the Protestant side of the question. As a German Lutheran he naturally dwells with pious admiration on the nobler traits of his great countryman. But nothing will be found in his remarks that oversteps the bounds of moderation or exceeds that earnest tone in which the philosopher or the historian is entitled to utter his deliberate convictions on illustrious men and important events. A work of this

class cannot, indeed, expect to recommend itself in any way to opinions that regard Luther as a dangerous heretic. In their eyes he can have no right to any commemoration but such as visits the offence of great schismatics with the ineffaceable stigma of history.

Just now, both here and in Germany, many whom circumstances have led to turn their eyes with revived interest and admiration towards the founder of Protestantism will accept with a hearty welcome this tribute to his memory:—the most splendid that has yet been produced by any press. The designs, engraved with much precision and delicacy, are well chosen and expressive,—many of the principal scenes are represented with picturesque and striking effect,—and some of the domestic groups and incidents possess a certain serious and simple beauty that spiritualizes the homely subject.

In the continuous pursuit of a single theme through so many as forty-eight separate scenes, it is of course impossible to avoid some monotony; but the tendency to sameness in general character has been met in different ways with considerable art,—and a choice of incidents apt for variety of effect has evidently been studied, with more success than would at first sight seem possible in portraying a life for the ruling idea of which neither Painting nor Sculpture can afford more than a symbolic expression.

As a Christmas gift of higher character than usually belongs to illustrated books, this volume may just now be especially appropriate. Its execution, both literary and artistic, would, indeed, insure it a welcome among the more sedate class of book-fanciers at any season,—and its subject belongs to all time.

GREAT EXHIBITION.

Official Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue.

[Third Notice.]

In our former articles on this valuable work we sketched with some degree of care those salient points of utility which appeared to us to render it an invaluable record to the philosopher, the manufacturer, and the merchant. But there are other classes in connexion with whose pursuits the 'Official Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1851' assumes a not less interesting aspect. We allude on the one hand to those by whose imagination, ingenuity, labour and perseverance the wonders of that vast Autolycus' pack were produced,—and on the other, to those to supply whose cravings that endless variety of objects—useful and useless, beautiful and ugly, cheap and dear, transient and permanent—sprang into material existence.—To the class of the workman, whether artist or artisan, a permanent record indicating even by the slightest sketch the composition, general form and character of any work of art must ever be most valuable. To the public, whose taste is constantly either tempted astray by frivolity and affected graces or elevated by objects of purer design, the series of illustrations which confers so much value on the work now under notice cannot but be equally acceptable.

It is to the general public that the producer of every article of utility turns for encouragement and support,—and it is therefore in the hands of the great body of purchasers that the fate of artistic design as applied to manufactures lies. By their judgment, whether good or bad, the key must be given in harmony with which the artist and the workman must tune their inspirations. Many, we have little doubt, first turned their attention to their responsibilities in this matter on the occasion of their repeated visits to the galleries of the Crystal Palace. There probably for the first

time they entered on the task of selection in a serious spirit. Actual comparison furnished them with an unerring test of excellence; and many a lesson on the combination of utility and beauty was doubtless there intuitively acquired. The forms of many of the objects displayed were thus imprinted on their imaginations, as standards wherewith to compare others on which their faculties as judicious purchasers might be subsequently exercised. It is not to be expected, however, that the ideas thus formed could be otherwise than crude and imperfect; and it is fortunate that the power of graphic illustration which is now happily so universal amongst us should bring to their aid the materials requisite for fortifying their memories and reviving their original impressions.

Who that remembers the costly engravings which illustrate such works as Stuart and Revett's 'Athens,' and the early publications of the Dilettanti Society and of the Society of Antiquaries—and turns from them to that wonder of the nineteenth century, the *Illustrated London News*—can fail to recognize the remarkable extension of the power of graphic delineation in this country during the last hundred years?

Every draftsman will at once acknowledge the impossibility of depicting rapidly and correctly an unceasing variety of subjects without the constant exercise of a nice power of discrimination between those peculiarities of form which confer either beauty or deformity on each different object. That plethora of sketching which is the great characteristic of the present age, as compared with the habit of our forefathers, may be considered to amount almost to a mania; but while it indicates the excitable temperament of a public ever craving after fresh food for imagination, it by no means implies the absence of that balance of judgment which should exist in every well regulated mind. While the unceasing swarm of modern periodical publications accumulates from week to week, and almost from day to day, abundant material for the study of the artist, it ministers largely to the amusement of the public; and not to their amusement only,—since it provides for those who are willing to use them lessons of no slight importance. How many are there whose impressions of picturesque form are derived almost exclusively from these sources:—the Protean variety of which serves to demonstrate that, when treated by the artist's mind and touched by his skill almost every diversity of style may be alike invested with the aspect of grace and of beauty.

Bewildered by the Mediæval Court—by the traditions of the Antique presented in the works of Gibson, Pradier, Jerichau, Etex, and others—by the reminiscences of cinque-cento art for which Barbetti and Gruner especially have shown their admiration—by the glories of India and the gorgeousness of the East,—the public stood a chance of remaining as undecided and lost as the schoolboy whose choice hesitates between the varied dainties of the piaman's basket until piaman and dainties have vanished from his sight, leaving his purpose inchoate and his taste ungratified. Time and considerable industry were required to mature the impressions made by the examination of a series of objects so strikingly contrasted as those which must have affected the imagination of every visitor to the Great Exhibition; and its comparatively short duration doubtless left many with but half completed investigations and necessarily crude and imperfect conclusions. The chief value, therefore, of such a publication as the 'Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue' is, to furnish that species of *memoria technica* by means of which

the imagination may fill up at leisure the hasty outlines provided by its pages, and thus carry on the thread of interrupted investigations and their dependent conclusions. Although in many cases the engravings in this work present little more than indications of the general aspect of the objects represented, no one who has dwelt with any degree of interest on the originals can fail with their assistance to recall the images *daguerreotypé* on his memory by the excitement of actual inspection.

It is not to be expected that any pictorial records of the Great Exhibition should be fully appreciated at the present time. A man's portrait is of little value while he lives. Take him away from the society of those who have known, loved, and honoured him, and at once the sketch which before may have been at a discount rises to a rapid premium. Even the *daub* which may have been turned to the wall as a libel on the features of a living friend, may when that friend has been removed be re-varnished, raised to the dignity of a gilt frame, and cherished as an invaluable "memento of departed worth." So we suspect will it be with even the humbler of those representations by means of which the industrious artists and the enterprising publishers of 1851 have sought to record the characteristics of the great event of that eventful year.—The work before us will unquestionably rank among the principal and most important of such records.

There is no task more difficult than to convey by means either of words or diagrams a just idea of the peculiarities and excellencies of the objects of fine Art. Technical and scientific language may define with the utmost precision the component ingredients of raw materials, their temperature, weight, quality, and appearance. A well-drawn projection, with letters of reference and a copious description, may convey to one who bestows sufficient pains to master the subject a clear and accurate idea of the powers and uses of a complicated machine, and of the principle of its action. But no pen or pencil can give a correct impression of the merits of a work of the highest order of sculpture. The representation of that insensible gradation of plane by which one rounded surface melts in the sinuities of another—of that exquisite contrast of texture which gives to marble flesh its soft and tender aspect, in contradistinction to drapery and objects uninformed by life—presents difficulties scarcely to be overcome even by the most elaborate and costly engraving. From wood-cut illustration, therefore, it would be unfair to expect too much; and it may be generally remarked of this mode of engraving, that where least has been attempted most has been achieved. Thus, the most successful prints in the 'Illustrated Catalogue' are outlines, with very slight effect,—such as those of the 'Pony and Children,' by Mr. Jones, 'The Archangel Michael,' by Mr. Lough, the great Bavarian Lion, 'The Amorous Lion,' by Geefs, of Brussels, the chased 'Cup and Salver,' by Lebrun, of Paris, the Silver Tabernacle and Arms from Spain; while others in which a more ambitious attempt at modelling of surface and complete pictorial delineation is displayed exhibit comparative failure:—witness the illustrations of the 'Hunter and Panther,' by Jerichau, of Denmark, the 'Glyceria,' by Wyatt, and the bas-reliefs by Geerts, of Louvain. Taking into account, however, the extraordinarily short space of time within which this elaborate work has been prepared, and the number of artists whose efforts have contributed to its production, it is truly remarkable that the engravings should present so good and so uniform an appearance. That some of them are much better than others, it

will be vain to deny; but on the whole they are in the highest degree creditable to the energy and liberality of Messrs. Spicer and Clowes.

To turn for a while from a consideration of the record, and to notice that which it records:—it is obvious that in the Fine Arts department of the Great Exhibition there existed ample materials for deep thought and hopeful expectation. If no other end had been answered than that of displaying how thoroughly it is the attribute of a high order of Art to assimilate with objects ministering to our daily wants and necessities, one great fact at least would have been demonstrated. In respect to the highest range of plastic art—Sculpture—we trust that the Exhibition will be found to have done much towards dispelling that deeply-rooted prejudice which has hitherto banished statues from the drawing-room, and from all contact with brilliant colouring, rich hangings, and decorative furniture; dooming them to herd with a series of their fellows in the "sculpture gallery,"—a cold, uncomfortable, stony apartment, against the flat wall of which they are relieved only (if relieved at all) by a weak wash of some pale and sickly tint. This system of bringing together in close proximity incongruous subjects of every kind—here a figure of Faith, there a Drunken Faun—here a Sentimental Nymph, there a Fighting Gladiator—here a Seated Philosopher, there a Child's First Grief, or some such puerility—cannot but tend to disturb the feeling of intellectual unity which should be derived from the examination of any well-arranged series of works of Art. The very objects that are felt to be incongruous when thus cast together might be consistent and agreeable if properly distributed and interwoven with the respective habits and sympathies of daily life.—Another great advantage to be obtained by encouraging a constant and familiar association with works of sculpture, or indeed with any objects of ideal art, is, that the introduction of a superior ingredient never fails to elevate the character of all inferior elements with which it is brought into contact,—just as the presence of a master spirit in society raises more ordinary minds to loftier efforts and nobler aims. So long as the cultivation of ideal beauty is regarded as "of man's life a thing apart," so long Art flourishes only as an exotic, requiring an atmosphere constantly heated by artificial means, and ever in danger of some chilling blight. Once make the rearing of that tender plant an object of serious study, place it in a congenial soil, and tend it with affectionate interest,—and its grateful nature will second and repay the effort. Elevated from its original condition as the pretty but useless ornament of the mansions of the wealthy few, Art becomes vigorous and hardy, bearing fruit, and ministering abundantly to the wants and pleasures of the many.

The same principles that regulate the training by means of which alone successful results are to be obtained in the highest walks of Art, prevail in an equal degree in every subordinate branch, even to the most mechanical. Taking cognizance, therefore, of the comparatively elevated position of the Fine Arts of this country at the present time, we feel little surprise, and great pleasure, at being enabled to recognize the improvement in form which the Great Exhibition has demonstrated to us in the most ordinary articles of daily use. Who that remembers the unwieldy cut-glass decanters, the lumbering sarcophagi sideboards, the scroll-pattern and everlasting shell of Sheffield and Birmingham plating, the castellated stoves, and the Gothic-pavilion paper-hangings, of but a very few years since, can hesitate to acknowledge the immense advance

in taste which is evinced by the present popularity of more correct and simple forms. The beautifully cut glass of Messrs. Green, Bacchus, Pellatt, Richardson, &c.—the nicely carved and consistently formed sideboards of Messrs. Jackson & Graham, Cookes of Warwick, Poole & McGillivray, Trollope, and others—the elegant *repoussé* and enamelled plate of Morel, Hunt & Roskell, Garrard, Angell, Lambert & Rawlings, &c.—the beautiful stoves of Messrs. Stuart & Smith, Hoole & Robson, Feetham, Jeakes, Pearce, Baily, &c.—and the highly-successful paper-hangings of Messrs. Townsend & Parker, Woollams, Hinchcliffe, Simpson, &c.—demonstrate that a great and important change has taken place in each and all of the above-mentioned branches of art-manufacture.

One of the most gratifying circumstances which these improvements reveal to those who have attentively watched their development is, that day by day a more independent recognition has taken place at once of the uses of every article and of the qualities inherent in the material of which it may be composed. Common sense and consistency have thus been made attendant on artistic imagination,—counselling, reproving and exciting. Thus, for instance, wine-glasses are no longer cast into heavy lumps of glass, in order to be cut all over with irregular projections,—but are made light and graceful, elegant in shape, and ornamented with delicate foliage and twisting and irregular indentations, produced in the peculiar and improved processes of manufacture. Iron-work, instead of—as heretofore—imitating blocks of stone and beams of wood, is gradually assuming those proportions in which the metal is most economically used, and which the eye recognizes at once as most appropriate to its conditions of cohesion and its other mechanical properties. The productions in the Great Exhibition which have been received with the highest gratification by the public are those in which common sense and real thought have been most strongly developed. This fact encourages us to believe, that whenever the same amount of careful study shall be brought to bear upon objects to the production of which abstract art is applied, the enfeebling thralldom of traditional styles will be cast aside, and rational principles of utilitarian construction will be universally adopted. Few will deny that such a form of progress could not but exercise a happy influence on our national architecture; and although in the Great Exhibition the external form of many objects appears to have been moulded in dependence on received traditions and antiquated styles, there is still much that is original both in the introduction of new materials and in the novel combination of others, in new processes of manufacture, and in the production of articles destined to supply newly created wants. Hence we feel convinced that the period is rapidly approaching when a scientific examination of the conditions of materials, a philosophic view of the wants which manufactures are required to supply, and a severe study of the laws of expression dependent on the combinations of primitive and fundamental lines, forms and colours, will unite to give to the arts of a great and original nation a character harmonizing at once with its greatness and with its originality.

It is a mistake to suppose that because the fine or industrial arts of any people may be based upon those of their predecessors in the great race of civilization they must necessarily be inferior in freshness to their prototypes. There are but two forms of originality;—absolutely new creation and the originality attained by new combinations:—the one not being less

great than the other. It is the fate of those countries which are placed historically in the latter period of any great cycle to attain originality only by a sedulous cultivation of the latter faculty; and it is only by devoting ourselves to vary and refine upon successive combinations and experiments that we can hope to render the arts of England truly original and consistent with the actual phase of social development. Thanks to publications like that now under our consideration—thanks to the amazing improvements which the perfection of wood-engraving, of lithography, and of steam-printing have produced in the cheapest forms of graphic illustration,—materials for the elimination of the bad in style and the selection of the good abound on every hand, and are brought within the reach of the humblest artisans.

In this direction, as in many another, the Great Exhibition has done infinite good; and if the lesson which it conveyed was so great that the human mind can scarcely cope with it—if its vast collection of beauties exist in memory only as a tangled web of incongruous styles and forms,—we must not on that account despair. Let us remember that it was out of "chaos" that "order came." Let us endeavour to reduce the chaos of the present to the order which exists in prospective, by adopting every means within our power to systematize our impressions of the Great Exhibition, whether philosophical or artistic; elevating the material and mechanical to the regions of Science and testing them by her laws,—and bringing down that which we may have gathered of the abstract and scientific to the practical uses of mechanical and material life.

That this task peculiarly devolves on the two classes whom we especially indicated at the commencement of the present notice, both of them should feel. The action of one on the other is constant and reciprocal. While public taste or its negation controls the operations of the artist and the workman, their productions re-act on the public. The interests of both are identified; and it is in vain to look to either alone for any great and radical improvement. In their case, at least, it is by co-operation, not by antagonism, that progression must be obtained.—That footing of constitutional "liberty, equality, and fraternity" on which not only the two classes alluded to, but all classes and all nations lately assembled, bringing the most precious deposits of their genius and industry to the "Great Meeting-House of all Denominations," could not but tend to a consolidation of all interests, and consequently to the reciprocal benefit of all.

The 'Illustrated Catalogue' is, it is true, but an echo of the Great Exhibition. Three volumes can furnish but a faint reflex of the varied works of industry that were crowded together in an area of nearly twenty acres. Such, however, is the power of graphic and typographic art, that in these volumes are contained the essence, and very pregnant soul of that so vast body. Tons of roses may be compressed into a few drops of the most precious attar,—a vast volume of vapour may be condensed into one drop of water. Such is the relation which may be assumed to exist between the Great Exhibition and this its Catalogue. Should this record of human industry survive some thousand years, what a picture will it present of the universal activity, the fiery energy, and the indomitable aspirations of this truly iron age! When generations yet unborn, in turning over its pages, may reflect on the wonders of engineering skill and mechanical refinement which were concentrated within the glassy walls of the Crystal Palace, and remember within how brief a period they had attained to such extraordinary

development, the conclusion will be forced on their minds that if the will and energies of the public and the artists of the present day had been directed with corresponding intensity towards carrying the Fine Arts forward to the same degree of perfection, a result might have been realized equal to that which characterized the palmiest days of Greece.

Ravenscliffe. By the Author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' &c. 3 vols. Colburn & Co.

THIS novel contains a few scenes not surpassed in power by those in 'The Admiral's Daughter' which announced an addition to the phalanx of English authoresses so remarkable as that of 'The Two Old Men.' At the commencement of 'Ravenscliffe,' too, and during the first half of the tale, its plot is so carefully knit as to warrant the supposition of greater thought and pains than ordinary having been taken.—Some vacillation is to be observed in the delineation of the principal male character. The unpopular Randal Langford, of the first chapter, who is horsewhipped in a public walk at Cambridge by a hot-blooded Irish Catholic, —ourselves almost acquiescing in the justice of the castigation, even while we pity its victim's misery—must have been a *Cymon* too saturnine and bitter ever to approach an *Iphigenia* so delicate as Eleanor Wharncliffe. True, she does not love him sufficiently to desire to marry him; but she is represented as clinging to him tenderly and fearlessly, and as finding in his manly ruggedness a welcome exchange for the worldliness of her own family. Later in the tale, again, when Randal becomes a father, we find him inspiring an impassioned and respectful affection in a son as amiable as the sire is semi-savage. This latter phenomenon belongs to the strained view of the parents' claims and privileges ever present to our authoress,—on which we commented while speaking of 'The Wilmingtons.' Whether it be defensible or otherwise in point of morals, it is here again injurious as damaging the probability which is essential to the novel-reader's entire credence in the novel.—Though Eleanor Wharncliffe did not desire to marry this cross-grained hero, she was forced into doing so by circumstances. To the weaving of the net by which she is enmeshed we have referred when commending the construction of the first half of the story. No reader can bear her company without feeling in some degree the same sense of powerlessness to cope with the fascinations of a dark destiny which is conveyed by the stories of Richardson's *Clarissa* and Scott's *Lucy Ashton*. This is praise enough,—yet not too much. We have always considered the bridal scenes at *Castle Ravenswood* as nearly unrivalled in modern fiction; and it is not without reflection that we declare that Eleanor Wharncliffe's wedding-day may stand next after—though not indeed by the side of them. The following fragments will explain themselves.—

"Come, come, Miss Eleanor," continued the old servant, 'time flies apace. Please to be getting up. There's your hair to be done you know, and that in itself will take me three-quarters of an hour.' 'Get up—get up,' answered she mechanically,—'and what?—what for?—what?—?' 'Why to be married, sure and certain,' said Cary, half laughing. 'Get up to be sure you must, Miss Eleanor, and lose no time.' She attempted no resistance—she got up. For a little while she seemed perfectly passive and patient under the hands of Cary, and suffered herself to be dressed like a victim adorning for, but ignorant of, the coming sacrifice. But when, after having completed the plaiting and arrangement of the most beautiful hair in the world, her maid was proceeding to place the orange-flower coronet upon her head, a sudden rush of recollections seemed to come over her; she uttered a fearful cry, tore the flowers from her, and cast them desperately upon the floor.—

'What am I about?—What are you about?—What are we doing?—' she screamed wildly.—'Doing—doing, Miss Eleanor! Compose yourself my dear, dear young lady, for goodness' sake.' * * *

"A whispered conversation was kept up between the lady and the attendant. 'I think we may let her lie till a quarter to nine, Cary. You can scuttle up her hair some way. It does not look so very bad even as it is,—and there's nothing but the dress and the veil to be put on.'—'There, that will do,' as Cary inserted the last pin; and Lady Wharncliffe having surveyed herself in the long glass, arranged the fall of a lace or a ribbon, and settled everything at last to her satisfaction, added, 'I will just step down and see how things are going on. You stay here, and for dear life don't utter a word, or make the least noise to disturb her till it is absolutely necessary. She seems to have fallen asleep. We may let her lay till nine. If she is ten minutes behind the time it surely does not signify.' And she left the room. In the hall, at the foot of the stairs, the first person she met was Randal Langford."

Randal Langford, we may mention, had begun to imagine the possibility of a hand without a heart being given to him,—and had therefore pressed earnestly for a few moments' private interview with the bride elect ere they should go to church. But to grant this was not in the tactics of Eleanor's mother.—

"At nine o'clock Lady Wharncliffe entered her daughter's room; whilst Randal, feeling every moment more distressed and irritable, vainly endeavoured to beguile his impatience by pacing up and down the hall, pausing from time to time to cast a look up the stairs, or at the door by which Lady Wharncliffe had vanished. Then he would place himself before the tall, narrow, arched windows of the hall, and watch the sleet and rain driving against the small panes, or listen to the swell of the winds, which, at intervals, shook the casements as if they would burst them through, and groaned and whistled around the house or among the trees. The hall-clock told the quarter-past nine, and then Sir John Wharncliffe, accompanied by Everard, and the other young men, sallied forth from a small breakfast-room, where they had been taking chocolate over a blazing fire, and began to look for their hats, great-coats, and gloves; for the carriages were by this time prepared to come round. There they found Randal. 'Heyday!' cried Sir John; 'You here! my good fellow. It is dreadfully cold. There is chocolate in the little breakfast-room, and a roaring fire. Do come in and take something before starting. You have a good four miles to go, and over a rough north country road.'—'No, thank you, Sir John; I am waiting to see Lady Wharncliffe. Everard,' taking him aside, 'listen to me. I must see your sister.'—'Well,' answered Everard, affecting to laugh, and glancing at the clock; 'then just have patience for fourteen minutes longer, and I take it the carriages will be at the door, and down the lovely bride will come.'—'But you do not or will not understand me, Everard. Every one seems in a league, I think, wilfully to misunderstand me this morning. I want—I wish—I must—and I will—speak to Eleanor for a few minutes alone,—before she comes down to enter your father's carriage.' He spoke earnestly, angrily, passionately. Everard cast a hasty, alarmed, scrutinizing glance at him. The glance did not escape Randal. But the other recollected himself, and, with a laugh which he intended to sound careless, turned away, saying—'You must be clever if you get it. Women, the deuce take them, can think of nothing but their dress on a wedding morning. I'll be bound they are all too busy with her toilette to remember you. But,'—observing the increasing gloom of Randal's face,—he added, 'but, if you really do wish it, I'll run up-stairs to my mother, and see what can be done.' And lightly he ascended the stairs. The red door closed after him. He did not return any more than his mother had done. Randal remained standing at the foot of the stairs, his eyes rivetted upon the red door. He could scarcely contain his rage and impatience. And now the carriages are heard coming round. Sir John Wharncliffe draws up to the door; whilst the sleet and rain beat pitilessly against the windows, and the wind roars and howls furiously. Mrs. Langford, who had been sitting quietly over the fire in her own

dressing-room, now entered the hall, accompanied by two or three young ladies who were to officiate as bridesmaids. They had arrived early that morning, and had been taken up-stairs to breakfast and warm themselves. The hall began rapidly to fill with the wedding-guests and their attendants. Servants were seen hurrying up and down, preparing people for the departure; helping the gentlemen to their cloaks and great-coats, and holding shawls and cloaks, whilst the young men attended upon the young ladies. There was much laughing, chattering, and bustle going on; whilst the wind without burst out at intervals into the most furious blasts,—howling and shrieking; and the rain and sleet drove more violently than ever against the clattering windows. Surely such a day of time had scarcely ever been known in the country! 'What weather! what the deuce shall we do?' 'We shall all be blown over. How horrid cold!' &c. &c. &c.;—and small feet kept stamping in pretty impatience upon the marble floor of the apartment, and there was great calling for coats and mantles, with—'Oh, wrap me up well, for goodness' sake!' and—'Do give me my victrola!' and—'Quite a shame to muffle yourself up so!'—and so on. And, in the midst of this confusion of cheerful voices, and pretty affectations, and all the lively hurry incident to the occasion, there that tall dark figure stood—his eyes riveted upon the red door, and suffering from an agony of mingled vexation, anger, distrust, and impatience impossible to describe. * * At last, Sir John Wharncliffe himself began to grow impatient as he saw his fine horses standing waiting at the door, exposed to all the fury of the wind, rain and sleet,—and began to swear a little, and to exclaim in no measured terms against women for their endless delays,—and at last ordered one of the female servants, in attendance, to go up-stairs and inquire when Lady Wharncliffe would be ready. She obeyed and passed through that red door, which, as it stood there so obstinately closed, as it were, against him alone, seemed, at last, to fret Randal beyond bearing. Feeling desperate, and resolved to force an explanation at any risk, he set his foot upon the stairs, and was beginning impetuously to ascend, when the hated obstacle was suddenly thrown aside,—the door flew wide open,—and, at the head of the stairs, as about to descend, the bride at last appeared; she was leaning upon her brother's arm, and supported, as it were, behind, by her mother. Her white dress floated round her,—the beautiful hair was half-hidden, half displayed by the light folds of the rich Brussels veil. Her fair forehead was surrounded by the pale greens and the white blossoms of her bridal coronet; and beneath them appeared a face far paler than all these. The cheek was colourless, bloodless, ghastly,—wan, greenish shades were around her lips and beneath her eyes, which were wide open, and seemed to gaze into vacancy with a dreamy unmeaning stare. She moved forward as if impelled by others only, and by no will of her own;—in a strange, spectral, silent manner. He was inexpressibly shocked. It was with a feeling approaching almost to horror that he stood there for a moment gazing upon the altered face of her he so passionately loved;—then, no longer master of himself, he was rushing vehemently forward to address her,—even now,—but Everard waved him imperiously back,—saying, in an angry tone,—'Are you resolved to drive my father mad? For Heaven's sake get along, Eleanor,—do you hear how it rains? you will be drowned before you get into the carriage.' And he passed, with her, hastily on,—and even whilst he was speaking, the hall-door was opened, and such a whirlwind of rain and storm burst in that everything was thrown into the most unutterable confusion. And in the midst of this, scarcely sensible of what was going on, he saw that pale spectre hurried forward, followed by Lady Wharncliffe, who saluted him with a nod and a smile as she passed.—The first sound which awakened him from the sort of trance into which he fell was the loud banging to of the carriage-door,—the cry of 'All right!' by the two footmen, as they sprang up behind,—and the rolling away of Sir John Wharncliffe's carriage. What followed was all confusion,—the wind roared through the door, and hissed against the casements; the rain poured down in torrents with deafening violence. People laughed, and cried out; and the young ones enjoyed the hurry and dis-

order to the utmost;—but he heard nothing,—for the roar of many waters was in his ears,—and he stood there like one bewildered. He started, and was awakened; for now his grave and formal mother came up to him in her coldest and most composed manner,—and, as if this morning were the most ordinary morning in his life, addressed him with,—'You go with me, Randal; and Miss Montague and Mr. Wharncliffe are of our party. Come, if you please; the carriage is at the door I believe, and we must not keep anybody waiting this horrid day,' &c. And his servant came up with his hat and gloves, which he took mechanically, and followed passively into the carriage, whilst the winds lifted their loud voices, and whistled, and roared, as if in wild and gloomy mockery; the huge trees bent and bowed their huge branches to the earth, as if in a bitter irony of congratulation; the vanes upon the roofs shrieked and cried, and all nature seemed rushing together in wildest uproar, like that which was raging in his own breast."

Few will deny the power of the above passages:—in spite of that power being impaired in our extract by separation from the scenes which precede and those which succeed them. There is no reserve, no flinching, no abatement of force in the working up of the catastrophe. How can a writer able to hurry us on through the wildest eddies of passion, without pause or exhaustion, to the very verge of the rapids,—nay, over the cataract,—deserve to be pardoned for the incoherence, the weakness, and the melo-dramatic want of nature which no less obviously distinguish the second half of her novel? She must abide severe reproof for trifling with the public whom she has fascinated,—for saving herself by a most ignominious scramble from the pains of tracing the consequences of the hurricane which she has shown herself capable of raising, and of ruling when at its wildest.—Nothing can be better than the scenes immediately after Eleanor's fearful wedding. Their narrator deserves all thanks for having spared us "madness in white satin" and the agonies of a broken heart. These things, indeed, Scott had too awfully indicated in his 'Bride of Lammermoor' for any one possessing the modesty and self-respect of an artist to attempt a second time. But from the moment when an heir is born to Randal Langford, nothing can be much worse—as regards probability and constructive skill—than 'Ravenscliffe.'—The glimpse of a character afforded us in the sketch of Priest Langford, the second son, does little to redeem the carelessness which has spoiled what might have been made one of the most remarkable among modern novels.

London Labour and the London Poor: a Cyclopædia of the Condition and Earnings of those that will Work, those that cannot Work, and those that will not Work. By Henry Mayhew. Vol. I. *The London Street Folk.*

AN inquiry into the actual condition of the London poor has long been desired by the statist and philanthropist. Committees of the House of Commons, Special Commissioners, and "own Correspondents" have examined witnesses and made reports on mines, factories, coal-pits, and many other subjects; and if they cannot be said to have made the general public familiar with the state of the population engaged in these great branches of English industry, they have at least collected a body of authentic information, and laid it up in an accessible shape for the use of statesmen and public writers. But the idea of a free inquiry into the actual state of the million poor of London—embracing an intelligible account of their occupations, modes of living, earnings, education, amusements, morals, and, in fact, a distinct portraiture of the entire aspect of their moral and material life—seems not to have

occurred to any one in office. Yet, there is scarcely any species of knowledge so valuable to the politician. London covers so large a surface—our habits of local government render its several parts so independent of ministerial action—the swell and subsidence of the mere tide of physical life are so vast—the power to check any abnormal movement is so slight compared with the surface to be acted on,—that an intimate knowledge of every part of the great city, of the conditions under which the population subsists, of the temptations which assail it, and indeed of all the elements of social disorder which exist and operate in this mighty metropolis, would seem to be indispensable to any prudent and sagacious minister. No effort, however, was ever made by the State to obtain this knowledge. Census returns have told us that nearly two millions and a half of human beings are gathered round the common centre of St. Paul's. We have been proud to tell foreigners of the square miles comprised within the limits of our great city,—of the parks, squares, docks, workshops, which adorn and occupy "the vast province covered with houses." But of the more human interests we have been content as a people to remain in great ignorance.

A private inquirer at length undertook to do for us that which the State had so long neglected. In connexion with the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Henry Mayhew—up to that time known chiefly as a writer of comic stories and editor of the 'Comic Almanac'—began a series of letters, which he entitled "Labour and the Poor," on the subject. The courage with which the task was undertaken—the ability and energy with which it was put in course of execution—were admirable. The work was good work in most respects:—and had it been effected in a severe spirit of truth, fairness, and neutrality, its record would have commanded a place in every library, and gained for its enterprising conductor an abiding place in the social history of England. But, unfortunately, the papers no sooner began to appear than a suspicion arose that the accounts were exaggerated. The nature of the author's previous writings lent a certain air of probability to this suspicion. Many of his sketches were highly effective,—and some of them looked as if they had been drawn for the mere sake of effect. Then came out in one of their series an attack on the Ragged Schools, based, as our readers know, on statements which could not afterwards be sustained; and the proved exaggeration in one case helped to throw a degree of doubt over the whole series of the writer's London "revelations."

But while we admitted, and admit, that these doubts were to some extent justifiable, we would guard against being thought to condemn Mr. Mayhew's labours. On the contrary, while we cannot but regret that his literary habits should have led him to adopt a style of treatment less simple than his subject required, we consider his book to be one of very considerable importance. The manner is much toned down in this reprint,—the classification is improved,—and the information is rendered more copious and precise.

We will not attempt to analyze the work,—at least, not in this stage of its existence;—but will endeavour by means of a few extracts to send such of our readers as may find an interest therein to the original. Here is an amusing sketch of the literature of the costermongers.—

"It may appear anomalous to speak of the literature of an uneducated body, but even the costermongers have their tastes for books. They are very fond of hearing any one read aloud to them, and listen very attentively. One man often reads the Sunday paper of the beer-shop to them, and on a

fine summer's evening a costermonger, or any neighbour who has the advantage of being 'a schollard,' reads aloud to them in the courts they inhabit. What they love best to listen to—and, indeed, what they are most eager for—are Reynolds's periodicals, especially the 'Mysteries of the Court.' 'They've got tired of Lloyd's blood-stained stories,' said one man, who was in the habit of reading to them, 'and I'm satisfied that, of all London, Reynolds is the most popular man among them. They stuck to him in Trafalgar Square, and would again. They all say he's "a trump," and Feargus O'Connor's another trump with them.' One intelligent man considered that the spirit of curiosity manifested by costermongers, as regards the information or excitement derived from hearing stories read, augured well for the improbability of the class. Another intelligent costermonger, who had recently read some of the cheap periodicals to ten or twelve men, women, and boys, all costermongers, gave me an account of the comments made by his auditors. They had assembled, after their day's work on their rounds, for the purpose of hearing my informant read the last number of some of the penny publications. 'The costermongers,' said my informant, 'are very fond of illustrations. I have known a man, what couldn't read, buy a periodical what had an illustration, a little out of the common way perhaps, just that he might learn from some one, who could read, what it was all about. They have all heard of Cruikshank, and they think everything funny is by him—funny scenes in a play and all. His 'Bottle' was very much admired. I heard one man say it was very prime, and showed what "lush" did; but I saw the same man,' added my informant, 'drunk three hours afterwards. Look you here, sir,' he continued, turning over a periodical, for he had the number with him, 'here's a portrait of "Catherine of Russia."—"Tell us all about her," said one man to me last night; "read it; what was she?" When I had read it,' my informant continued, 'another man, to whom I showed it, said, "Don't the cove as did that know a deal?" for they fancy—at least a many do—that one man writes a whole periodical, or a whole newspaper. Now here,' proceeded my friend, 'you see an engraving of a man hung up, burning over a fire, and some costers would go mad if they couldn't learn what he'd been doing, who he was, and all about him. "But about the picture?" they would say, and this is a very common question put by them whenever they see an engraving. Here's one of the passages that took their fancy wonderfully,' my informant observed:

"With glowing cheeks, flashing eyes, and palpitating bosom, Venetia Trelawney rushed back into the refreshment room, where she threw herself into one of the arm-chairs already noticed. But scarcely had she thus sunk down upon the flocculent cushion, when a sharp click, as of some mechanism giving way, met her ears; and at the same instant her wrists were caught in manacles which sprang out of the arms of the treacherous chair, while two steel bands started from the richly carved back and grasped her shoulders. A shriek burst from her lips—she struggled violently, but all to no purpose: for she was a captive—and powerless! We should observe that the manacles and the steel bands which had thus fastened upon her, were covered with velvet, so that they inflicted no positive injury upon her, nor even produced the slightest abrasion of her fair and polished skin."

Here all my audience, said the man to me, 'broke out with—"Aye! that's the way the harristocrats hooks it. There's nothing o' that sort among us; the rich has all that barrikin to themselves." "Yes, that's the b—— way the taxes goes in," shouted a woman. Anything about the police sets them a talking at once. This did when I read it:

"The Ebenezer still continued their fierce struggle, and from the noise they made, seemed as if they were tearing each other to pieces, to the wild roar of a chorus of profane swearing. The alarm, as Bloomfield had predicted, was soon raised, and some two or three policemen, with their bull's-eyes, and still more effective truncheons, speedily restored order."

"The blessed crushers is everywhere," shouted one. "I wish I'd been there to have had a shy at the esclops," said another. And then a man sung out: "O, don't I like the Bobbys?" If there's any foreign language which can't be explained, I've seen the costers,' my informant went on, 'annoyed at it—quite annoyed. Another time I read part of one of Lloyd's numbers to them—but they like something spicier. One article in them—here it is—finishes in this way:

"The social habits and costumes of the Magyar noblesse

have almost all the characteristics of the corresponding class in Ireland. This word noblesse is one of wide significance in Hungary; and one may with great truth say of this strange nation, that 'qui n'est point noble, n'est rien.'"

"I can't tumble to that barrikin," said a young fellow; 'it's a jaw-breaker. But if this here—what d'ye call it, you talk about—was like the Irish, why they was a rum lot.' "Noblesse," said a man that's considered a clever fellow, from having once learned his letters, though he can't read or write. "Noblesse! Blessed if I know what he's up to." Here there was a regular laugh. From other quarters I learned that some of the costermongers who were able to read, or loved to listen to reading, purchased their literature in a very commercial spirit, frequently buying the periodical which is the largest in size, because when 'they've got the reading out of it,' as they say, 'it's worth a halfpenny for the barrow.' Tracts they will rarely listen to, but if any persevering man will read tracts, and state that he does it for their benefit and improvement, they listen without rudeness, though often with evident unwillingness. 'Sermons or tracts,' said one of their body to me, 'gives them the 'orrors.' Costermongers purchase, and not unfrequently, the first number of a penny periodical, 'to see what it's like.' The tales of robbery and bloodshed, of heroic, eloquent, and gentlemanly highwaymen, or of gipsies turning out to be nobles, now interest the costermongers but little, although they found great delight in such stories a few years back. Works relating to Courts, potentates, or 'harristocrats,' are the most relished by these rude people."

Of the effect of bad weather on the London costermongers we have this brief but startling glimpse.—

"Three wet days," I was told by a clergyman, who is now engaged in selling stenographic cards in the streets, 'will bring the greater part of 30,000 street-people to the brink of starvation.' This statement, terrible as it is, is not exaggerated. The average number of wet days every year in London is, according to the records of the Royal Society, 161—that is to say, rain falls in the metropolis more than three days in each week, and very nearly every other day throughout the year. How precarious a means of living, then, must street-selling be! When a costermonger cannot pursue his out-door labour, he leaves it to the women and children to 'work the public-houses,' while he spends his time in the beer-shop. Here he gambles away his stock-money off enough, 'if the cards or the luck runs again him'; or else he has to dip into his stock-money to support himself and his family. He must then borrow fresh capital at any rate of interest to begin again, and he begins on a small scale. If it be in the cheap and busy seasons, he may buy a pad of soles for 2s. 6d., and clear 5s. on them, and that 'sets him a-going again, and then he gets his silk handkerchief out of pawn, and goes as usual to market.' The sufferings of the costermongers during the prevalence of the cholera in 1849 were intense. Their customers generally relinquished the consumption of potatoes, greens, fruit, and fish; indeed, of almost every article on the consumption of which the costermongers depend for their daily bread. Many were driven to apply to the parish; 'many had relief and many hadn't,' I was told. Two young men, within the knowledge of one of my informants, became professional thieves, after enduring much destitution. It does not appear that the costermongers manifested any personal dread of the visitation of the cholera, or thought that their lives were imperilled: 'We weren't a bit afraid,' said one of them; 'and perhaps that was the reason so few costers died of the cholera. I knew them all in Lambeth, I think, and I knew only one die of it, and he drank hard. Poor Wax! he was a good fellow enough, and was well known in the Cut. But it was a terrible time for us, Sir. It seems to me now like a shocking dream. Fish I couldn't sell a bit of; the people had a perfect dread of it, all but the poor Irish, and there was no making a crust out of them. They had no dread of fish, however; indeed, they reckon it a religious sort of living, living on fish, but they will have it dirt cheap. We were in terrible distress all that time.'"

The "clergyman" mentioned at the beginning of the above passage is, or lately was, one of

the most original characters about the streets of London. We are ourselves acquainted with his face and style, and can guarantee the substantial correctness of the report here given of his address. We think his waggeries will amuse our readers, whether the original be to them known or unknown. Mr. Mayhew says:—

All ladies and gentlemen who 'take their walks abroad,' must have seen, and of course heard, a little man in humble attire engaged in selling at one penny each a small card, containing a few sentences of letter-press, and fifteen stenographic characters, with an example, by which, it is asserted, anybody and everybody may 'learn to write short-hand in a few hours.' With the merits of the production, self-considered, this is not the place to meddle; suffice it that it is one of the many ways of getting a crust common to the great metropolis, and perhaps the most innocent of all the street performances. A kind of a street lecture is given by the vendor, in which the article is sufficiently puffed off. Of course, this lecture is, so to speak, stereotyped, embracing the same ideas in nearly the same words over and over again. The exhibitor, however, pleads that the constant exchange and interchange of passengers, and his desire to give each and all a fair amount of information, makes the repetition admissible, and even necessary. It is here given as a specimen of the style of the educated 'patterer.'

"The Lecture.—Here is an opportunity which has seldom if ever been offered to the public before, whereby any person of common intellect may learn to write short-hand in a few hours, without any aid from a teacher. The system is entirely my own. It contains no vowels, no arbitrary characters, no double consonants, and no terminations; it may therefore properly be called 'stenography,' an expression which conveys its own meaning! It is derived from two Greek words: *stenos*, short, and *grapho*, I write, or *graphé*, the verb, to write, and embraces all that is necessary in fifteen characters. I know that a prejudice obtains to a great extent against anything and everything said or done in the street, but I have nothing to do with either the majority or minority of street pretenders. I am an educated man, and not a mere pretender; and if the justice or genuineness of a man's pretensions would always lead him to success I had not been here to-day. But against the tide of human disappointment, the worthy and the underserving are so equally compelled to struggle, and so equally liable to be overturned by competition, that till you can prove that wealth is the gauge of character, it may be difficult to determine the ability or morality of a man from his position. I was lately reading an account of the closing life of that great leviant in literature, Dr. Johnson, and an anecdote occurred, which I relate, conceiving that it applies to one of the points at issue—I mean the ridicule with which my little publication has sometimes been treated by passers-by, who have found it easier to speculate on the texture of my coat than on the character of my language. The Doctor had a niece who had embraced the peculiarities of Quakerism; after he had scolded her some time, and in rather unmeasured terms, her mother interferred, and said, 'Doctor, don't scold the girl—you'll meet her in heaven, I hope.'—'I hope not,' said the Doctor, 'for I hate to meet fools anywhere.' I apply the same observation to persons who bandy about the expressions 'gift of the gab,' 'catch-penny,' &c. &c. which in my case it is sometimes easier to circulate than to support. At any rate, they ought to be addressed to me, and not to the atmosphere. The man who meets a foe to the face, gives him an equal chance of defence, and the sword openly suspended from the belt is a less dangerous, because a less cowardly weapon than the one which, like that of Harmodius, is concealed under the wreaths of a myrtle. If you imagine that professional disappointment is confined to people out of doors, you are very much mistaken. Look into some of the middle class streets around where we are standing: you will find here and there, painted or engraved on a door, the words 'Mr. So-and-so, surgeon.' The man I am pre-supposing shall be qualified,—qualified in the technical sense of the expression, a Member of the College of Surgeons, a Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and a Graduate of some University. He may

possess the talent of Galen or Hippocrates; or, to come to more recent date, of Sir Astley Cooper himself, but he never becomes popular, and dies unrewarded because unknown. Before he dies he may crawl out of his concealed starvation into such a thoroughfare as this, and see Professor Morison, or Professor Holloway, or the Proprietor of Parr's Life Pills, or some other quack, ride by in their carriage; wealth being brought them by the same waves that have wafted misfortune to himself; though that wealth has been procured by one undeviating system of Hypocriacy and Humbug, of Jesuitism and Pantomime, such as affords no parallel since the disgusting period of Oliverian ascendancy. Believe me, my friends, a man may form his plans for success with profound sagacity, and guard with caution against every approach to extravagance; but neither the boldness of enterprise nor the dexterity of stratagem will always secure the distinction they deserve. Else that policeman would have been an inspector! I have sometimes been told, that if I possessed the facilities I professedly exhibit, I might turn them to greater personal advantage: in coarse, unfettered, Saxon English, 'That's a lie'; for on the authority of a distinguished writer, there are 2,000 educated men in London and its suburbs, who rise every morning totally ignorant where to find a breakfast. Now, I am not quite so bad as that, so that it appears I am an exception to the rule, and not the rule open to exception. However, it is beyond all controversy, that the best way to keep the fleas from biting you in bed is to 'get out of bed'; and by a parity of reasoning, the best way for you to sympathize with me for being on the street is to take me off, as an evidence of your sympathy. I remember that, some twenty years ago, a poor man of foreign name, but a native of this metropolis, made his appearance in Edinburgh, and articulated that he would lecture on mnemonics, or the art of memory. As he was poor, he had recourse to an humble lecture-room, situated up a dirty court. Its eligibility may be determined by the fact that sweeps' concerts were held in it, at 1d. per head, and the handbill mostly ended with the memorable words: 'N.B.—No gentleman admitted without shoes and stockings.' At the close of his first lecture (the admission to which was 2d.), he was addressed by a scientific man, who gave him 5s.—(it will relieve the monotony of the present address if some of you follow his example)—and advised him to print and issue some cards about his design, which he did. I saw one of them—the ink on it scarcely dry—as he had got it back at the house of a physician, and on it was inscribed: 'Old birds are not caught with chaff. From Dr. M., an old bird.' The suspicious doctor, however, was advised to hear the poor man's twopenny lecture, and was able, at the end of it, to display a great feat of memory himself. What was the result? The poor man no longer lectured for 2d. But it is tedious to follow him through a series of years. He was gradually patronized throughout the kingdom, and a few months ago he was lecturing in the Hanover-square Rooms, with the Earl of Harrowby in the chair. Was he not as clever a man when he lectured in the sweeps' concert-room? Yes; but he had not been brought under the shadow of a great name. Sometimes that 'great name' comes too late. You are familiar with the case of Chatterton. He had existed, rather than lived, three days on a penny loaf; then he committed suicide, and was charitably buried by strangers. Fifty years or more had elapsed, when people found out how clever he had been, and collected money for the erection of that monument which now stands to his memory at St. Mary Redcliffe Church, in Bristol. Now, if you have any idea of doing that for me, please to collect some of it while I am alive!"

There is a sting in this drollery which reminds us of the jesters of a different time;—when Wisdom stood behind Brute Power at table, and uttered its sharp oracles under the protection of cap and bells.—The monthly issues of Mr. Mayhew's second volume are still occupied with the Street-Folk.

History of the War in Afghanistan. By J.W. Kaye. [Second Notice.]

It is due to Mr. Kaye to notice with the prominence which it deserves the impartial spirit

under the influence of which his work has been generally written.—On the greater and more solemn questions which of necessity occur in the course of such a history, he has spoken with a strength and clearness which leave little to be desired or said. He condemns the war as a political crime and a military blunder; and he shows himself fully competent, when his narrative conducts him to the various turning points of the enterprise, to appreciate with judgment and intelligence the character and conduct of the actors principally concerned. The only qualification required of our general commendation of Mr. Kaye's accuracy and independence is perhaps with reference to some of the individual portraits of subordinate officers employed in Afghanistan. At so early a period after the conclusion of the events of which he writes, we can scarcely perhaps expect from any historian an impartiality so uniform and severe as to exclude even minor exceptions. The claims of acquaintanceship and intimacy are rarely so far disregarded. It is something to be able to add, that if Mr. Kaye's portraits are frequently too favourable, they are nearly always sketched with grace and feeling.

We alluded last week to the general ability of the descriptive passages in these volumes,—and will now illustrate that remark by one or two quotations. Take the following lively and vigorous account of the military affair of Purwandurrah and of the surrender of Dost Mahomed,—the Afghan chief who, as the rival of our puppet king Shah Soojah, was our great enemy in the Trans-Indus countries.—

"On the 2nd of November—a day which has obtained a melancholy celebrity in the annals of the English in Afghanistan—the British force came at last in sight of the enemy. The army of the Ameer was posted in the valley of Purwandurrah. The Nijrow hills were bristling with the armed population of a hostile country. Unprepared for the conflict, Dost Mahomed had no design on that November morning of giving war to the Feringhees. An unexpected movement precipitated the collision. On the first appearance of the British troops, the Ameer evacuated the village of Purwandurrah and the neighbouring forts; and was moving off to a position on some elevated ground commanded by a steep hill to the rearward, when, at the suggestion of Dr. Lord, the British cavalry were moved forward to outflank the Afghan horse. What followed is one of the most exciting, as it is one of the most melancholy, incidents of the Afghan war. It was a clear, bright morning. The yellow foliage of autumn glittered like gold in the broad sunlight. The opposite hills were alive with the enemy. The crisp, fresh air, so bracing and invigorating to the human frame, seemed to breathe confidence and courage. Dost Mahomed, who, since his defeat at Bameean, had been often heard of, but never seen, by the British troops, and who seemed to elude the grasp of the Army of Occupation like an ignis fatuus, was now actually within their reach. It ought to have been an hour of triumph. It was one of humiliation. The Afghans were on the hills skirting one side of the pass; the British troops were on the opposite declivity. Dost Mahomed saw our cavalry advancing, and from that moment cast behind him all thought of retreat. At the head of a small band of horsemen, strong, sturdy Afghans, but badly mounted, he prepared to meet his assailants. Beside him rode the bearer of the blue standard which marked his place in the battle. He pointed to it; reined in his horse; then snatching the white lungi from his head, stood up in his stirrups uncovered before his followers, and called upon them in the name of God and the Prophet, to drive the cursed Kaffirs from the country of the faithful. 'Follow me,' he cried aloud, 'or I am a lost man.' Slowly, but steadily, the Afghan horsemen advanced. The English officers who led our cavalry to the attack covered themselves with glory. The native troopers fled like sheep. Emboldened by the craven conduct of the British cavalry, the Afghan horsemen rode forward, driving their enemy

before them, and charging right up to the position of the British, until almost within reach of our guns. The Afghan sabres told, with cruel effect, upon our mounted men. Lieutenants Broadfoot and Crispin were cut to pieces. A treacherous shot from a neighbouring bastion brought Dr. Lord to the ground; and the dagger of the assassin completed the work of death. Captains Fraser and Ponsonby, whose gallantry has never been surpassed even in the annals of old Roman heroism, still live to show their honourable scars; and to tell, with mingled pride and humiliation, the story of that melancholy day. In front of our columns, flaunting the national standard, the Afghans stood for some time masters of the field, and then quietly withdrew from the scene of battle. Sir Alexander Burnes, awed by this disaster, wrote to Sir William Macnaghten that there was nothing left for the force but to fall back upon Caubul, and implored the Envoy there to concentrate all our troops. Sir William received this letter on the 3rd of November, as he was taking his evening ride on the outskirts of the city. His worst forebodings seem to be confirmed. Little did he know what thoughts were stirring in the breast of the Ameer. Dost Mahomed, in the very hour of victory, felt that it was hopeless to contend against the power of the British Government. He had too much sagacity not to know that his success at Purwandurrah must eventually tend, by moving the British to redouble their exertions, rather to hasten than to retard the inevitable day of his final destruction. He quitted the field in no mood of exultation, with no bright visions of the future before him. He had won the last throw, but the final issue had ceased to be a matter of speculation. The hour in which, with dignity and grace, he might throw himself upon the protection of his enemies, now seemed to have arrived. He had met the British troops in the field, and, at the head of a little band of horsemen, had driven back the cavalry of the Feringhees. His last charge had been a noble one; he might now retire from the contest without a blot upon his name. So thought the Ameer; as was his wont, taking counsel of his saddle. None knew in the British camp the direction he had taken; none guessed the character of his thoughts. On the day after the victory of Purwandurrah he was under the walls of Caubul. He had been four-and-twenty hours in the saddle; but betrayed little symptoms of fatigue. A single horseman attended him. As they approached the residence of the British Envoy, they saw an English gentleman returning from his evening ride. The attendant galloped forward to satisfy himself of the identity of the rider, and being assured that the Envoy was before him, said that the Ameer was at hand.—'What Ameer?' asked Macnaghten.—'Dost Mahomed Khan,' was the answer; and presently the Ameer himself stood before him. Throwing himself from his horse, Dost Mahomed saluted the Envoy, and said he was come to claim his protection. He surrendered his sword to the British chief; but Macnaghten returning it to him, desired the Ameer to remount. They then rode together into the Mission compound.—Dost Mahomed asking many questions about his family as they went. A tent having been pitched for his accommodation, he wrote letters to his sons, exhorting them to follow his example and seek the protection of the British Government. He seemed to have become reconciled to his fate. He had no wish, he said, to escape. Force, indeed, would not drive him to abandon the refuge he had voluntarily sought. With Macnaghten he conversed freely of his past history; and raised, by the recital alike of his doings and his sufferings the strongest feelings of admiration and compassion in the Envoy's breast. Every effort was made to soothe the Ameer's feelings; and he soon became serene and cheerful. A report that it was the design of our Government to banish him to London, disturbed his equanimity for a time; but he was soon reassured by the promises of the Envoy, and began to look forward with hopefulness to a life of repose and security in the British dominions. A prisoner, but an honoured one, in the British camp, Dost Mahomed remained some ten days at Caubul, during which time all the leading officers of the garrison paid him the most marked attention. Men who kept aloof from Shah Soojah, as one to be religiously avoided, were eager to present themselves before the

unfortunate Ameer, and to show that they respected him in his fallen fortunes. He received his visitors with courtesy, and conversed with them with freedom. Seated on the ground, he desired them to be seated; and seemed to take pleasure in the society of the brave men who did him honour. Captain Nicholson, an officer of distinguished gallantry and great intelligence, whose early death on the banks of the Sutlej is to be deeply deplored, having been selected by Sir W. Macnaghten to fill the difficult and delicate office of custodian to the fallen prince, acted, on these occasions, as interpreter. It may be doubted whether a single officer quitted his presence without drawing a comparison between the Ameer and the Shah, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. The King refused to see his prisoner, alleging that he would not be able to bring himself to show common civility to such a villain. 'This is well,' said the Envoy, writing to the private secretary of the Governor General, 'as the Dost must have suffered much humiliation in being subjected to such an ordeal.' All the natural kindness of the Envoy now set in towards the fallen prince, and all the courtesies of the English gentleman were freely bestowed upon him. On the 12th of November, 1840, Dost Mahomed Khan, under a strong escort, commenced his journey towards the provinces of India; and two months afterwards Macnaghten wrote: 'I trust that the Dost will be treated with liberality. His case has been compared to that of Shah Soojah; and I have seen it argued that he should not be treated more handsomely than his Majesty was; but surely the cases are not parallel. The Shah had no claim upon us. We had no hand in depriving him of his kingdom, whereas we ejected the Dost, who never offended us, in support of our policy, of which he was the victim.' And so Macnaghten, in a few lines of irrepressible truth and candour denounced the injustice of the policy of which he himself had been one of the originators. It is possible, too, that Lord Auckland may have felt that Dost Mahomed 'never offended us,' but that we had victimized him; for he received the Prince he had deposed with becoming hospitality and respect, and burdened the revenues of India with a pension in his favour of two lakhs of rupees."

Equally able is the following description of the early marches of the English Invading Army of 1838.—

"The Bengal army moved from Ferozepore on the 10th of December, 1838. Availing themselves of the water carriage, they moved down parallel to the river. The sick, the hospital stores, and a portion of our commissariat supplies were forwarded on boats, which were subsequently to be used for the bridging of the Indus. The force consisted of about 9,500 men and 38,000 camp-followers. Some 30,000 camels accompanied the army. There was an immense assemblage of baggage. Sir Henry Fane had exhorted the officers of the army of the Indus not to encumber themselves with large establishments and unnecessary equipages; but there is a natural disposition on the part of Englishmen, in all quarters of the globe, to carry their comforts with them. It requires a vast deal of exhortation to induce officers to move lightly equipped. The more difficult the country into which they are sent—the more barbarous the inhabitants—the more trying the climate—the greater is their anxiety to surround themselves with the comforts which remote countries and uncivilized people cannot supply, and which ungenial climates render more indispensable. In the turmoil of actual war, all these light matters may be forgotten; but a long, a wearisome, and unexciting march through a difficult but uninteresting country, tries the patience of even the best of soldiers and fills them with unappeased yearnings after the comforts which make endurable the tedium of barrack or cantonment life. It is natural that with the prospect of a long and wearisome march before him, he should not be entirely forgetful of the pleasures of the mess table, or regardless of the less social delights of the pleasant volume and solacing pipe. Clean linen, too, is a luxury which a civilized man, without any imputation to his soldierly qualities, may, in moderation, desire to enjoy. The rudeness and barrenness of the country compel him to supply himself at the commencement of his journey with everything that he will require

in the course of it; and the exigencies of the climate necessarily increase the extent of these requirements. The expedition across the Indus had been prospectively described as a 'grand military promenade'; and if such were the opinion of some of the highest authorities, it is not strange that officers of inferior rank should have endorsed it, and hastened to act upon the suggestion it conveyed. And so marched the army of the Indus, accompanied by thousands upon thousands of baggage-laden camels and other beasts of burden, spreading themselves for miles and miles over the country, and making up with the multitudinous followers of the camp one of those immense moving cities which are only to be seen when an Indian army takes the field, and streams into an enemy's country.—It was clear, bright, invigorating weather—the glorious cold season of Northern India—when the army of the Indus entered the territories of Bahwal Khan. Nature seemed to smile on the expedition, and circumstances to favour its progress. There was a fine open country before them; they moved along a good road; supplies were abundant everywhere. The coyness of the Bahwalpore authorities, which had threatened to delay the initial march of the army, had yielded in good time, and at every stage Mackeson and Gordon had laid up in depot stores of grain, and fodder, and firewood, for the consumption of man and beast. Officers and men were in the highest spirits. 'These,' it was said, by one who accompanied the army on the staff of its commander, and has chronicled all its operations, 'were the halcyon days of the movements of this force.' To the greater number of those who now crossed the frontier this was their virgin campaign. The excitement was as novel as it was inspiring. They might be about to meet mighty armies and to subdue great principalities; or they might only be entering upon a 'grand military promenade.' Still, in that bright December weather the very march through a strange country, with all that great and motley assemblage, was something joyous and animating. The army was in fine health, full of heart, and overflowing with spirits. It seemed as if an expedition so auspiciously commenced must be one great triumph in the end. There was one thing to detract from the general prosperity of the opening campaign. Desertion was going on apace—not from the ranks of the fighting men, but from the mass of officers' servants, camel-drivers, and camp followers, which streamed out from the rear of the army. The cattle, too, were falling sick and dying by the wayside. The provisions with which they were supplied were not good, and dysentery broke out among them. Many were carried off by their owners, who shrunk from the long and trying journey before them; and it soon became manifest that the most formidable enemy with which the advancing army would have to contend, would be a scarcity of carriage and supplies."

We will only quote further the paragraphs with which Mr. Kaye concludes his History.—

"Little more remains to be said. The proclamations which were issued by the Supreme Government of India in the autumn of 1842, are in themselves the best commentaries of the War in Afghanistan. The Governor-General of 1842 passed sentence of condemnation upon the measures of the Governor-General of 1838. No failure so total and overwhelming as this is recorded in the page of history. No lesson so grand and impressive is to be found in all the annals of the world. Of the secondary causes which contributed to the utter prostration of an unholy policy, much, at different times, has been written, in condemnation of the mighty political and military errors which were baptized in the blood and tears of our unhappy countrymen. These errors are so patent—are so intelligible—they have been so often laid bare by the hand of the anatomist—and they have been so copiously illustrated in these volumes, that I do not now purpose to enlarge upon them before I lay down my pen. The secondary causes of the great failure were not badly summed up by the Commander-in-Chief. On the 24th of March, 1842, he wrote to the Governor-General:—'The causes to which I ascribe our failure in Afghanistan are these:—1st. Making war with a peace establishment.—2nd. Making war without a safe base of operations.—3rd. Carrying our native army out of

India into a strange and cold climate, where they and we were foreigners, and both considered as infidels.—4th. Invading a poor country, and one unequal to supply our wants, especially our large establishment of cattle.—5th. Giving undue power to political agents.—6th. Want of forethought and undue confidence in the Afghans on the part of Sir William Macnaghten.—7th. Placing our magazines, even our treasure, in indefensible places.—8th. Great military neglect and mismanagement after the outbreak.—But if none of these things had been in operation to defeat and frustrate our policy it must still have broken down under the ruinous expenditure of public money which the armed occupation of Afghanistan entailed upon the Government of India. It is on record, by the admission of Lord Auckland himself, that when our friendly connexion with Afghanistan was brought suddenly to a violent and disastrous termination, it had cost the natives of India, whose stewards we are, more than eight millions of money. To this is to be added the cost of the great calamity itself, and the expenses of the War of Retribution. All this enormous burden fell upon the revenues of India; and the country is still groaning under the weight. And what have we gained? What are the advantages to be summed up on the other side of the account? The expedition across the Indus was undertaken with the object of erecting in Afghanistan a barrier against encroachment from the West. The advance of the British army was designed to check the aggressions of Persia on the Afghan frontier, and to baffle Russian intrigues, by the substitution of a friendly for an unfriendly power in the countries beyond the Indus. And now, after all this waste of blood and treasure, a Persian army is at Herat, and every town and village of Afghanistan is bristling with our enemies. Before the British army crossed the Indus, the English name was honoured in Afghanistan. Some dim tradition of the splendour of Mr. Elphinstone's mission were all that the Afghans associated with their thoughts of the English; and now, in their place, are gallant memories of the progress of a desolating army. The Afghans are an unforgiving race; and everywhere, from Candahar to Caubul, and from Caubul to Peshawar, are traces of the injuries we have inflicted upon the tribes. There is scarcely a family in the country which has not blood of kindred to revenge upon the accursed Feringhees. The door of reconciliation is closed against us; and if the hostility of the Afghans be an element of weakness, it is certain that we have contrived to secure it. It needed but the announcement of the Persian army at Herat to consummate the completeness of the failure. The very policy which ought to have been pursued in 1837—the policy which was recommended by Sir John McNeill,—is that which now presents itself, but under what altered circumstances, for our adoption. If, instead of expelling Dost Mahomed from his principality, we had advanced him a little money to raise, and lent him a few officers to drill, an army, the Persians would not now be lining the walls of Herat. But, instead of strengthening the Afghans, we have weakened them. Instead of making them our friends, we have made them our implacable foes. The policy which we pursued was disastrous, because it was unjust. It was, in principle and in act, an unrighteous usurpation, and the curse of God was on it from the first. Our successes at the outset were a part of the curse. They lapped us in false security, and deluded us to our overthrow. This is the great lesson to be learnt from the contemplation of all the circumstances of the Afghan War.—'The Lord God of recompences shall surely requite.'"

We ought to say that Mr. Kaye has had the good sense and courage to spell all the Indian and proper names "in the manner most familiar to the English eye, and in pronunciation to the English ear." He says, that he expects to receive the censure of his "scholarly Oriental friends for this barbarism;"—but at the same time he finds some consolation in the fact that the "majority of his English readers will thank him for adopting so simple and sensible a rule. We are obliged to Mr. Kaye for strengthening by his authority that resistance which we have

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OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Indian Missions in Guiana. By the Rev. W. H. Brett.—A plain and earnest missionary, going abroad full of the idea which he is to deliver to strange races of men, and little prepared, we fancy, by previous studies, to turn to scientific account such opportunities as might fall in his way without seeking.—Mr. Brett has written a record of his life in Guiana with little pretension and as little merit. That part of South America is but slightly known,—while the manners and character of the native inhabitants are such as to awaken curiosity and interest. Even the glimpses here obtained of their changed condition since they came to live in closer proximity to Europeans create in us a desire to learn more from recent observers.

Farewell to the Outward Bound, addressed to some Members of the Church of England. By One of Her Ministers.—In this address the writer insists in striking terms on the duties which the vast extent of our Colonial empire—the multitude of races, strangers to the faith and civilization of Europe, with whom we are thrown into contact—may be held to impose on us as conquerors and settlers. But his main object seems to be—to suggest “hints for employment” during the long voyage out to Australia;—the employment offered being, the daily reading of a series of “collects” with “parallel passages of Scripture.” More than two-thirds of the volume is occupied with these exercises.

A general paragraph will suffice to dispose, as usual, of a number of works not requiring particular notice at our hands. Of this class of works we find on our table:—**A Defence of Revealed Religion; comprising a Vindication of the Miracles of the Old and New Testament from the attacks of Rationalists and Infidels.** By Joseph Brown, M.D.,—**Protestant Lectures on the Errors and Abuses of Romanism.** By the Revs. Charles Lane, William Curling, Denis Kelly, George Fisk, Henry Hughes, J. W. Watson, and Thomas Nolan.—**The History of Church Laws in England from 602 to 1850.** By Edward Muscott, a book of strange facts and suggestive inferences, that should be at the elbow of every public writer whose functions it is to pronounce judgment on the tolerance and intolerance of other nations.—**A New Guide to Richmond Park,** printed in three languages, English, French, and German, no doubt for the benefit of our foreign visitors.—**The Royal Preacher: Lectures on Ecclesiastes.** By James Hamilton, D.D.,—**Shaw's Union Officer's Manual for 1850.** Edited by W. C. Glen.—**The Priest Miracles of Rome: a Memoir for the Present Time,** consists of a trenchant life of Dunstan, the application of which to certain facts and personages of these times is forced out in every page and not without success.—**A Description of Chanceloup de Laubal's System of Fortification, as executed at Alessandria.** By J. I. Moscaul,—intended to accompany a large drawing of those famous military works,—**Ecclesia, and other Parables, &c.**—**The Bible Unveiled,—The Collects Paraphrased,** a series of very weak and childish verses “for the use of young people.”—**Protective Measures in behalf of the Established Church,** considered in a Charge delivered by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.—**A Catechism on Gospel History.** By the Rev. Samuel Kettlewell; a work which, we are told, is intended “for those engaged in the work of Christian education, and who are desirous of implanting true Church principles.”—**The Creed of Christendom, its Foundations and Superstructure.** By W. R. Grey,—a thoughtful book on a great and difficult historical problem.—**The History of John Wesley's Coat, showing by whom it has been worn and how it has been trimmed, very badly travestied from the immortal ‘Tale of a Tub.’**—**The Church of England in the Reigns of James the First and Charles the First,**—forming Part I. of Volume III. of ‘The Library for the Times.’—**Ears of Corn from various Sheaves; being Thoughts for the Closet.** Edited by Sarah Lettis.—**Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England; Addressed to the**

Brothers of the Oratory. By John Henry Newman, D.D., an elaborate exposition, which our contract with our readers happily makes it unnecessary for us to render or refute.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-Book for 1852, 6s. 6d. cl.
Almanack of the Fine Arts for 1852, by Busz, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Analysis and Summary of Old Testament History, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Arundines Cami, sive Musarum Cantabrigie, sive, 12s. cl.
Babylon and Jerusalem, from the German, 6s. 2d. cl.
Barker's (T.) Beauty of the Flowers in Field and Wood, 6s. 6d.
Barwell's (Mrs.) Good in Every Thing, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Bible Coins, 8vo. 2s. 6d. in case.
Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads, with Additions, 3s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Bowring's (J.), L. L. D. Matins and Vespers, 4th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Brewer's (Rev. Dr.) Guide to Roman History, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Brodie's (B. C. Bart.) Physiological Researches, 7vo. 6s. cl.
Brown's (J. B.) Views of Canada, 2nd edit. with Map, 6s. 4d. cl.
Buff's (H.) Familiar Letters on Physics of the Earth, 6s. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Burton's (Lieut.) Scenes in Scinde, 2nd edit. 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 21s. cl.
Chalmers (Dr.), Reminiscences of, by J. Anderson, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Collier's (G. F.) Code of Society, 6s. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Cunningham's (Rev. J.) Voices of the Day, 4th edit. 6s. 8vo. 7s. cl.
Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Method, Logic, and Rhetoric, 6s. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Good Shepherd (The) and His Little Lambs, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.
Gover's Hand Atlas of Physical Geography, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Hawker's (Rev. J. R. A.) Reminiscences of the Ministry, 12mo. 6s.
Hawthorne's (N.) The Scarlet Letter, 4s. 6d. cl.
Hirsch's (P.) The Return of Exiles, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Hirsch's (P.) Short Grammar of the German Language, 12mo. 2s.
Jullien's Album for 1852, 4to. 12s. 6d. cl.
Kitch's (Dr.) History of Palæstine, new illus. edit. cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Lamartine's History of Restoration of the Monarchy, Vol. 2, 3s. cl.
Lee's (Mrs.) Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals, 6s.
Nichols (J.) Agriculture Analysis, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Montgomery's Church of the Invisible, 5th edit. 3s. 6d. 22mo. 3s. 6d.
Moore's Irish Melodies, illus. by Macleay, 3s. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Patoulet Library, Vol. 33, ‘Monsieur Violet,’ by Marryat, 1s. 6d.
Peter Parley's Annual, 1852, with coloured illus. 3s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Peter Parley's The Birth-day Gift, 3s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Pirate of the Mediterranean, by Kingston, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Plain Sermons, by Gieseler, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Plato, The Apology of Socrates, &c. edit. by Dr. Smith, revised, 4s.
Richardson's (Sir J. A.) Searching Expedition, with coloured plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Rogers's (J.) The Vegetable Cultivator, new edit. 6s. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Scott's Poetical Works, new illus. edit. with Life, 1 vol. 6s. 8vo. 3s.
Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, History of Scotland, illus. 12s. cl.
Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, History of France, illus. 12s. cl.
Scripture Lessons on the Old Testament, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Sinnott's Picture of Paris, 1850, 3s. 6d. cl.
Watson's (C. R. D.) Help to Family Prayer, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Wilson's (Bishop) The Lord's Supper, with Rubrics, 32mo. 3s. 6d.
Woolrych's (H. W.) Treatise of Legal Time, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—From the last Official Stamp Returns (published October, 1851), it appears that during the past year, 1850, the Stamps supplied to each of the under-mentioned Journals gave them an average Publication of—

GARDENERS' CHRONICLE AND AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE, 5, UPPER WELLINGTON-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.	Subscriber	2,938
Observer	6,380	2,924
Morning Advertiser	4,567	2,674
Mark Lane Express	4,720	2,652
Magnet	4,791	2,458
British Banner	4,421	2,328
Examiner	4,350	2,115
Watson's (C. R. D.) Help to Family Prayer	4,261	2,027
Evening Mail	4,106	1,884
Watchman	4,019	1,875
Economist	3,820	1,852
Record	3,754	1,648
Daily News	3,608	1,634
Nonconformist	3,520	1,677
Standard of Freedom	3,340	1,434
Britannia	3,101	1,236
Nonconformist	2,920	1,236

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

DESPATCHES have been received from Mr. Rae, dated from Kendal River, June 10, containing an account of a journey which he made from Great Bear Lake to the Arctic Coast, and thence over the ice to Wollaston Land,—which he explored to the eastward of longitude 110°, and westward as far as longitude 117° 17'.

Mr. Rae left Fort Confidence on the 25th of April, accompanied by four men, with three dog-sledges, and a smaller one drawn by the men alternately, charged with the provisions and baggage. After some little detention from stormy weather, they started on the 30th of April for the coast, and reached the shores of Richardson's Bay, about five miles west of the Coppermine, on the 1st of May,—when they were gratified by finding that the ice to seaward was not unfavourable for travelling.

To preserve their eyes from inflammation arising from the glare of the sun on the snow, they walked during the night. They directed their course to Douglas Island,—which is a little to the north of Cape Krusenstern; and landing thereon, put en cache a quantity of provisions for their return. After this, they resumed their march in a north-easterly direction. After discovering some islands which Mr. Rae named after Sir John Richardson, they traversed a considerable bay with low shores, to which the name of Welbank was given. “There were now,” says Mr. Rae, “two modes of proceeding open to me:—the one being, to strike overland to the north in search of

the sea coast,—the other, to return along the coast and travel westward, in hopes that some of the spaces of Wollaston Land left blank in the charts might prove to be the desired strait.” The latter route was adopted; and the southern shores of Wollaston Land were explored as far as 117° 6' 35" west longitude. When in latitude 69° 24' and longitude 116° 23' west, they fell in with thirteen Esquimaux lodges, and had an amicable interview with the inhabitants,—who were rather timid at first, but soon gained confidence. None of the women showed themselves; but all the men were well and cleanly dressed in deer skins. They were all very fat;—having evidently abundance of seal's flesh and fat,—large quantities of which were carefully deposited in seal-skin bags under the snow.

The greatest nothing attained by Mr. Rae's party was 70° 0' 23". The period had now arrived for their return journey. On the night of the 30th of May they crossed over in as direct a line as the rough ice would permit, to the high rocky point north of Cape Krusenstern; and after a most disagreeable journey, during which they were continually fording rapid streams flowing in every hollow and valley, they reached Provision Station, Kendal River, on the 10th of June,—having travelled 942 English miles.

In consequence of the hurried manner in which Mr. Rae's despatch is written, arising from his anxiety to send it off at the earliest moment, it is very difficult to follow his precise route. An attentive perusal of his itinerary with the latest Admiralty chart before us leads us to regret that he should have devoted so much time to the examination of this trending of Wollaston Land to the westward, rather than to its exploration to the north:—for while he travelled to a little beyond the one hundred and seventeenth degree of west longitude, he extended his examination to the north only as high as the seventieth degree of latitude.

During the journey the little expedition had several further interviews with the Esquimaux,—all as friendly as the first.—On no occasion was any intelligence obtained of our missing countrymen.

A vast quantity of game was seen;—indeed, although supplied with pemmican, the principal food of the party was geese, partridges, and lemmings. A large musk bull was shot—the flesh of which was found excellent. Abundance of drift wood was found on the shores of the islands visited. The weather on the whole appears to have been propitious; and Mr. Rae states that his companions and himself are in a much better condition for commencing another journey of the same nature than when they left Fort Confidence.

It will be seen by our report to-day of the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, that a very daring plan of extending the search for Sir Sir John Franklin has been suddenly matured. Lieut. Pim—who served under Capt. Kellett in the Herald, which has lately returned from Behring's Straits—volunteered his services to the Admiralty to examine the shores of Siberia from the mouth of the river Kolyma to the extent of ten thousand miles as Lieut. Pim states in his paper, but as regards the coast line of only two thousand miles.

The Admiralty having judged proper to decline entertaining Lieut. Pim's plan, it was taken up by Lady Franklin,—who at once offered to place 500l. in Mr. Pim's hands. This will cover the expenses of his journey to the shores of Siberia.

His further proceedings, and indeed the successful accomplishment of his enterprise even to the mouth of the Kolyma, must depend on the amount of protection and patronage that he may receive from the Russian Government.

He is provided with strong letters of recommendation from Lord Palmerston and other influential persons to the Russian authorities;—and with these he purposes leaving London on the 18th instant for St. Petersburg, and proceeding through the Russian dominions to the Arctic Coast.

We understand that this arduous undertaking has met with the approbation of many geographers;—but we are not sure that our eminent

Arctic officers regard it in the same light. It is, in truth, a most hazardous expedition,—and is rendered more terrible in prospect by the fact that Lieut. Pim proposes being accompanied by only one or two men.—The importance of such a search, however, cannot in our opinion be disputed. For, assuming that Franklin passed up Wellington Channel, and into a polar basin, he would naturally steer for Behring's Straits; and failing to reach them, he might become entangled in ice, and be drifted in the direction of the coast of Siberia. But it would be highly desirable that Mr. Pim should not start on such an expedition as he proposes without proper precautions being taken to provide for his safety:—and this can be insured only by having depôts of provisions along the coast. We sincerely hope that the Russian Government—who are always disposed to encourage exploring expeditions—will place their resources at the disposal of Mr. Pim, and grant him all the assistance in their power:—but it is from the Admiralty at home that should come for this daring Expedition, as supplementary to that which they are about to send into the Wellington Channel, all the arrangements which may depend upon ourselves, and all further subsidies which may be necessary to eke out Lady Franklin's contribution.—If the Admiralty will not substantially support Lieut. Pim in this gallant attempt—as we contend they should, since they have given him leave of absence, and that implies approbation—we have, on information conveyed to us, good reason to believe that a further sum of 500*l.* will be raised among the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, at the suggestion of their President. Such of the public as take an interest in these (probably) last expeditions that will explore the Arctic Seas and coasts might well, too, come in aid of Lieut. Pim's enterprise:—so that the gallant officer may at least be furnished with all means and appliances that can lessen the peril of his adventure.

THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE question as to what can and should be done with the surplus of the Exhibition is not yet settled. Difficult as it was to raise the preliminary fund, it threatens to prove much more difficult to dispose satisfactorily of the residue. The Royal Commissioners are not the first body of men who have felt the heavy responsibilities of sudden wealth; and, as is often the case in such matters, their embarrassments are greatly increased by the multitude of counsellors in whom there is no wisdom. Speculators of all kinds would appear to have been racking their brains during the last few months to invent eccentric uses for their golden harvest. Besides the many projects brought under notice of the Royal Commissioners through the press, we believe there is a large room entirely filled with the claims, proposals and pretences formally laid before them in writing. A selection from these proposals would form an amusing commentary on national tastes and individual vagaries.—The authorities in one obscure little town think that the surplus could not be so well employed as in the enlightenment of *their* town with gas. One individual considers the London Sewerage as the best claimant on the Commissioners' bounty,—another urges the Embankment of the Thames. A new Endowment of grammar schools has more than one strenuous advocate. Emigration, National pawn-shops on the plan of Continental *Monts de Piété*, Parks for the People, Discount Banks, Loan Societies, and Exploring Expeditions are among the schemes which, though remote from all the objects of the late gathering of nations, are not ridiculous. One projector has conceived the splendid idea of spending the money in gilding the dome of St. Paul's! A gigantic statue of Prince Albert is proposed. A national Soup-kitchen is proposed. A permanent Teetotal Congress is proposed. There is scarcely a hospital, a ragged school, a dispensary, a refuge for the destitute, in the country, which has not put in its title. Irish fisheries, Highland poverty, and Welsh quarries all fancy they have claims on such a fund not to be denied. Indeed, the amount and variety of *crude* and impossible suggestions are prescribed

only by the natural limitations of human vagary and inconsistency.

If the area within which the money now at the disposal of the Royal Commissioners were not rigorously fixed, so as to allow them at once and without offence to set aside the great majority of schemes laid before them as simply alien to the purposes, antecedents, and relations of the industrial gathering, their position would be as disagreeable as it is onerous. Fortunately for themselves, the area *was* indicated,—almost the precise limits fixed. The surplus arising from the Exhibition, if any remained, it was prescribed, should be devoted to the formation of a fund for future Exhibitions of the same kind, or to other objects having a strict connexion with its chief purpose—the promotion of Art and Industry. There is room to move within a clear definition like this,—but not to stray and stagger about as many of the speculators seem willing to do. The Commissioners are bound to invest the money in the means of industrial education; and their discretionary powers are confined to the selection of the best vehicle through which this education can be effected,—whether by means of industrial colleges, of galleries of Art, of museums of practical science, of collections of produce, of schools of design,—or by an institution combining these and other things as departments, and forming in itself the first real, practical and comprehensive University. On the solution given to this problem will depend in a great measure the fate of the Crystal Palace.

Two points of importance have been already discussed and determined by the Royal Commissioners. They will not with the surplus buy the Crystal Palace for a winter garden:—and they will not expend any part of that surplus in the erection or endowment of schools of design. In coming to these resolutions they have been guided, as it appears to us, by sound judgment. A winter garden may be a very beautiful and desirable thing to have in a great city like London,—but few persons would find in such an ornamental appendage to the Park an object strictly connected with the late Exhibition. A school of design, at first thought, would seem to be strictly and legitimately connected with it; and to present an important field in which the time has now arrived to sow seed for future harvests. The towns specially interested in those manufactures which depend for market value on excellence and novelty of pattern have held meetings and passed strong resolutions in favour of an appropriation of the surplus having a better cultivation of the faculties of design in view. But the Commissioners very properly consider—what we have before urged—that, inasmuch as the money in question was raised by payments at the doors of persons from all nations, it would be unfair to expend the balance in a way which, however advantageous to this country, would certainly not be likely to produce beneficial effects for the Art and Industry of Continental Europe and America. Therefore they refuse to build or endow schools of design. It is not fitting that in rear of such an exhibition of her moral and material greatness as she has just made,—after such ready acquiescence and costly and courteous co-operation on the part of foreigners,—a great country like England should appear to be seeking an opportunity to turn the resulting fund to her own personal advantage. This would be ungenerous and unjust. Whatever is done with the fund should be done in the same spirit as the work which produced it. A catholic scheme, involving facilities and advantages to strangers as well as to natives, is the one thing desirable and desired;—and we find that Opinion is at length settling in the direction of a proposal, made by us so early as last May, for maintaining the Exhibition itself in a modified form as a permanent institution.

As most persons are aware, the Royal Commissioners possess under their old mandate no power to deal with the funds now in their hands. They have therefore applied to the Crown for a new commission,—which they will of course obtain in due time. In their Report, published in our columns last week, the Commissioners—after stating their

total receipts to be in round numbers 505,000*l.*, their probable expenditure on all sides about 355,000*l.*, and the balance to be devoted to other objects about 150,000*l.*—express an opinion, as we ourselves did some weeks ago, that the balance ought not to be invested in favour of future Exhibitions. The Prince and his colleagues further declare, that in their "opinion no measures could be so strictly in accordance with the ends of the Exhibition as those which may increase the means of industrial education and extend the influence of Science and Art upon productive industry." They promise, when they shall have obtained a new charter, to give this point their fullest and best consideration,—so that the advantages to be obtained may not be confined to our own countrymen. Of course it would be premature to enter into speculations at this moment as to the probable nature of the scheme contemplated by the Royal Commissioners; but it is obvious that a system of education large enough to embrace England and the nations lately represented in our streets and parks must have a locality, a centre of action—a home. Then, as the Crystal Palace is up, and paid for, why not use that?—Here is a building of great beauty, extent and convenience, light, airy, free from dust,—unrivalled at once for novelty of conception and for historical renown, though it has lived but a single summer. Its glass and iron walls have been consecrated by the grandest event in history. It has cost a large sum of money. Why, then, setting aside the poetry, the romantic interests, the human affections which have sprung up around the edifice,—why should a practical people, not given to extravagant freaks of fancy in their money matters, waste—absolutely throw away—so much money as we must lose by pulling the building in Hyde Park down,—to build another? We have heard two reasons only given for such a course:—the desire of certain aristocratic dwellers in Kensington Road, who think it a nuisance,—and the sentimental idea which wishes to leave no material monument of the great fact of the age, lest it should be found to clash with the glorious recollection. We fancy neither of these reasons likely to find much favour with the general public. To the latter it might be replied, that this is not the age for destroying monuments. In every part of England we are trying to recover and restore our material records,—the landmarks of our historical course. We hail with satisfaction the discovery of an ancient mound, ruin, barrow, or battle-field. We take infinite pains to discover the marks of old encampments,—to preserve crumbling walls and mossy turrets,—to restore, or neutralize the necessary dilapidations of time in ancient mansions, castles and cathedrals. Even a humble cottage, a common grave-stone, an ordinary tree, if connected with an historical event or an eminent person, becomes to us an object of certain regard and care. How then can it occur, except as a poetic phantasy, to destroy the living monument of the most universally interesting event in our annals as a nation? It might be observed further, that the material records of the Exhibition cannot be destroyed. Though the best and most characteristic, the glass edifice is but one of its records. Every article there shown constitutes a record. Every model made of it is a record. Every medal struck in it is a record. The same sentiment, to be consistent with itself, must ask for the destruction of all these,—as they will each and all interfere with the poetic ideal of the Exhibition far more than the Crystal Palace. Nay, the destruction of all prints, pictures, illustrations, sketches, and so on, might be demanded on the same plea—that of leaving the fact to the future only as a wondrous dream! There seems to us to be a good deal more—and better—sentiment in the opposite view. Dr. Johnson was not much of a sentimentalist; yet he averred that it would give him pain to see an old post rooted up which had stood before his house, even if it were a nuisance there. Does any one suppose that the nation would witness without painful regret the demolition of a building round which their affections have so strongly grown,—if the building be convertible to uses which would give their sensibility the sanction of their sense?

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The other class of iconoclasts are not so easily answered. A good house looking into the Park from all its windows is no doubt deprived of some of its advantages if the view be permanently interfered with, even by such a structure as that standing in front of Prince's Gate. But a capital suggestion, of a reconciling nature, has come from the *Times*. That paper proposes to remove the Kensington Barracks from the public road to some other site, and build a new National Gallery on the spot, flanked with handsome buildings and beautiful gardens. Other improvements might be made in connexion with it. The Treasury, we believe, lately proposed to the Royal Commissioners to contribute 150,000*l.* towards a fund for the purchase of Gore House and grounds, and the erection thereon of all the buildings necessary for a central Institution of Design, if they would devote their surplus to that purpose. The Royal Commissioners declined this offer, on the ground, already mentioned, that such a scheme would be purely English, while they held the fund at their disposal for purposes of a more universal interest and character. But this suggestion from the Treasury evidences a strong conviction in that office that a large sum of money is now required for the encouragement of design. Having gone so far, will the Treasury retire without doing something of itself?—Should it be determined to erect the National Gallery on the site of Kensington Barracks, and an Institute of Design farther west,—the Crystal Palace forming a centre and line of communication from one to the other,—Prince's Gate would become the most architectural and attractive quarter in the Metropolis.

Should the glass structure be bought for the nation—as it may be in view of such objects as they seem to have in purpose without violating any of the criteria which the Royal Commissioners apply to all projects that come before them,—and should it be found possible to make it water-proof and to keep it at a desirable temperature, and fit for the purposes proposed,—then there is no good reason to believe that the plans and suggestions given in our columns from time to time may not all be realized. The donations made by exhibitors—by men of all countries, and many of them of very great value,—to the Queen for her private use, to the Royal Commissioners to be dealt with at their option, to the Museum of practical Geology, and to many other persons and institutions, prove that we were right when in May last we ventured the conjecture that if means could be found to purchase the Crystal Palace and proper guarantees should be given, very many of the contributors would willingly leave their articles for permanent exhibition in such a place. Nor do we think it yet too late to recover some part of the scattered treasures. Let the Commissioners announce their intention of forming in part of the glass building a collection of models, inventions, machinery, sculptures, produce, and so on,—and many of the articles lately the source of such unvarying public interest would doubtless find their way back to their old localities. The Koh-i-noor, the Russian malachites, and such costly articles would not of course be expected,—nor desired,—but we doubt whether any article of real social and industrial interest would be long wanting in such a collection.

EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE notice relative to this Expedition which I communicated to you last week (*ante*, p. 1175) has been fully confirmed by the official reports to Lord Palmerston, and by private letters which have since been received from Dr. Barth and Dr. Overweg,—and it will be seen from the following résumé of the proceedings of those travellers that the results of their labours become every day more important,—they having arrived in a region the most commanding, in both a moral and a physical point of view, for the whole of the African continent.

Dr. Barth, in a letter to Dr. Beke, dated the 12th of April, 1851, in describing the kingdom of Adamawa, concluded his remarks thus:—"From all that I have heard it must be the most beautiful country of Central Africa. Adamawa must be

visited." Though this determination was probably not taken by any one of those who know the undaunted courage and perseverance of this distinguished traveller as an empty boast, yet no one who is aware of the immense difficulties of travelling in the countries to the south of Lake Tsad would have expected that about three months after—namely, on the 22nd of July—he would have returned to Kuka from a highly interesting and successful journey to Yola, the capital of Adamawa, and distant from the former place about 340 miles,—which it took him twenty days to travel. Dr. Barth has already sent a full official report of this important journey to the Foreign Office:—and it is to be hoped that the particulars may soon be published.

Dr. Barth started from Kuka on the 29th of May; and at a distance of about 100 miles came to the country of Marghi,—a remarkable Pagan nation of negroes, which frequently suffers from the *razzias* of the Fellatahs in the south as well as from the people of Bornu in the north. He also passed through Mora, the capital of Mandara, visited by Denham. Four days' journey before reaching Yola, he had to cross the two principal rivers of Adamawa, the Benue and the Faro; the former being half a mile broad and as much as ten feet deep, coming from the south and south-east,—and the latter, a tributary of the Benue, 5-12ths of a mile broad and from three to four feet deep. This magnificent river, the source of which was said to be nine days distant from the place where Barth crossed it, runs towards the Kawa, and is, in fact, the upper course of the Tschadda. Yola, the capital of the whole country and the residence of Mohammed Loel, the sultan of the Fellatahs, was reached on the 22nd of June. It lies on a marshy plain; but the country generally consists of pastures, here and there interspersed with cultivated fields. Although the people of Adamawa and Bornu are at enmity with each other, Dr. Barth, as a friend and protégé of the Sheikh of Bornu, was received very kindly by the inhabitants, as well as by the sultan:—who, however, could not but look with apprehension on the surveys and observations of the traveller. He was permitted to stay three days in the capital,—and on his leaving was treated with regard and honours.

Dr. Overweg had in the mean time most successfully explored Lake Tsad, in the Lord Palmerston—as he has named the boat, in grateful acknowledgment of his Lordship's patronage.

On the 7th of May, Dr. Overweg had arrived in Kuka,—where he was welcomed by his companions as one who had made himself already quite at home. They received from the sheikh a good house of large size to live in; and were supplied daily with plenty of mutton, rice, wheat, butter and honey. While Dr. Barth was preparing for his journey to Adamawa, Dr. Overweg, with the assistance of Arab carpenters, put the boat together. On the 18th of June, he embarked at Bree, eight miles east from Kuka;—the only place where an occasional trade is carried on between the inhabitants of Bornu and the Biddumas. Two of their boats happened to be in that harbour when the Lord Palmerston was launched. Dr. Overweg soon became friendly with their crews; and engaged some of the men as sailors and interpreters,—one of them, a very intelligent person, to remain with him afterwards as a servant. He started, accompanied by the two Bidduma boats, and reached, at a distance of twelve miles from Bree, the first of the islands,—of which there are about one hundred large ones scattered over the lake. They are wooded, and inhabited by the Biddumas, with their herds of cattle and goats. The shores are infested by numerous crocodiles and hippopotami. The dimensions of the lake were found by Dr. Overweg to be considerably smaller than those given by Denham:—from Bree to the east shore being only sixty miles, whereas in Denham's map it is more than double. These apparent discrepancies, however, may find their explanation in the remarkable nature of the lake:—it being an immense body of water which is greatly augmented in the rainy season, but in the season of drought evaporates so much that it seems at times to dry up entirely. This is an occurrence which is said to have happened six

years ago. This fact would also seem to explain Dr. Barth's first impression of the lake, when he spoke of it as a marsh and of the Bidduma islands as meadow lands. The average depth of the lake is from ten to fifteen feet, and its waters are *fresh and clear*. Dr. Overweg was received with great kindness by the Biddumas on his landing at several of the islands, and during his visit to many of their villages.—On the 8th of August, he returned to Kuka.

The foregoing communications were despatched by courier from Kuka on the 10th of August, and reached Tripoli on the 5th of October:—being an interval of only fifty-six days.

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

The following interesting letter from Dr. Barth has been put at our disposal by Dr. Beke.—

Kuka, July 25, 1851.

My dear Sir,—Earlier than I entertained the hope—and, indeed, earlier than I expected—I returned from my journey to Adamawa. My return has been forced; Mohammed Loel, the governor of that country, having (as it seems) suspected my exploration of his province for two reasons. The one was, the claim made by the Sheikh in the letters of which my companion and escort Kishella Billima was the bearer, to the long-disputed frontier territory; the other reason was, the circumstance that the Fellatahs of Adamawa have become but too well acquainted with the gun-armed "Ins'rah" on the shores of the Gulf of Benin. Thus it happened, that after a stay of only three days in Yola, the residence of the governor of that country, I was obliged to make my retreat, greatly disappointed and in indifferent health; so that the results of this journey are not so extensive as I had entertained the enthusiastic hope they would have been. I trust, nevertheless, that my journey to Yola will make a valuable addition to the knowledge of the geography of Central Africa. The two most important results of it seem to me to be,—first, the evidence that there is no idea of a continued chain of mountains running W.N.W. from Mount Mendif; second, that the question as to the connexion of the Niger with the Shary by means of the river of Adamawa (or the Tschadda, as it has been called in its lower course) is now altogether settled. I crossed the Benue and the Faro at the very point where they unite; the former coming from the east, a distance of about ten days,—while the Faro has its sources in a mountain called Hosere (the rock) Labul, at a distance of seven days' journey south. Besides, by fixing the position of Yola, a certain point has been obtained for the routes through the country, of which I sent you itineraries by the last kafia. I am now about to lay down my route in a sketch which I shall send to Government by the next caravan,—which is to leave in a fortnight; while my letters are to be sent to-morrow or the day after by a courier. The map and its itinerary will, I am sure, be of interest in many respects; for not only is the physical configuration of the country interesting, but the different nationalities are perhaps still more so.

Adamawa is indeed a fine country, with very extensive valley-plains of a most fertile soil; and, irrigated as it is by a rainy season of seven months' duration, it is immensely rich in pasture-grounds, and consequently full of cattle. With the exception of slaves, cattle form in fact the only wealth of the masters of the country; who wage continued—I might say daily—war with the pagans settled on the mountains. For, with the exception of the celebrated Mendif, and some remarkable peaks near it which appear to be steep calcareous peaks, quite bare and naked to the summit, all the mountains in Adamawa, as well as in Mandara, as far as I have been able to make out, consist of granite, and are covered all over with trees,—the more plain spots being cultivated. The most common produce of the country is *ghafale*. Rice is also cultivated; for which the valley of the Benue is well suited,—it being covered for forty days by the overflowing floods of the river, which rises to a height of from 40 to 50 feet. I can say almost with certainty, that there is gold in Adamawa; everybody having assured me that that precious

metal is washed down by the Benue, though at this season at least it was not possible for me personally to ascertain the fact. There are, however, no snow-capped mountains:—Alantiga, which I saw in its whole extent at a distance of about 100 miles, appearing to me scarcely to reach the height of 9000 or 10,000 feet in its highest part. Neither does that mountain, which had been represented to me as a volcanic one, appear to contain anything of the sort. But it is quite true that it contains hot springs.

At Yola, a prospect opened to me of alluring magnitude. I there met a very amiable Arab, Sherief Mohammed ben Ahmedu, a native of Mokha, in Yeman, who had travelled all over the eastern shores of the African continent, from Djard Hafun as far down as Sofala, and had penetrated from Mozambique to Nyassi,—and who, being well acquainted with the character of the English, declared himself ready, for a sum of 300 dollars to be paid at Zanzibar, to try to penetrate with me across the continent, in the direction of that magnificent lake. For, Nyassi being the great centrum of the commerce of an immense part of Southern Africa, I am sure we should have to go scarcely a month's journey from Baia in that direction before we fell into a very frequented road proceeding towards that market. As it now is, I must content myself with giving you my friend's itinerary from Mozambique to Nyassi,—which, as far as I know, is quite new. I should have been able to give you many corrections for that part of the continent, if the order of the governor had not driven me away from Yola. But I entertain strong hopes of seeing my Sherief again.

Itinerary of the Route from Mozambique to Lake Nyassi, on foot.

1st day.—Sleep at *Sembe* on the coast, after having crossed the channel.

[It is not deemed necessary to give this route in full].

22nd.—Sleep on the shore of the river *Luwima*, containing water at all seasons of the year.

23rd.—Between one and two o'clock, enter the territory dependent on the tribe of the Mohiaw, commencing at the village of Mokoivaiha.

28th.—Arrive on the banks of the *Lyginde*, a rivulet issuing from a large lake called Killia, and joining the Luwima.

32nd.—Sleep in a village situated in another mountain chain after having, about noon, passed a very broad ancient road,—having the appearance of a dry watercourse, but without being of that character; winding round and avoiding the mountains, its direction being from S. to N. This road, respecting which my informant was quite full of astonishment, and which is the common talk of the people of all the country round as being a monument of former ages, is called *Mulila*.

33rd.—A steep descent from the village where the last night was passed, brings you about noon down to the shore of the magnificent lake Nyassi. You sleep in the village of Moala, where a much frequented market is held, though the great market-place of Nyassi is Ngombo, three days north from Moala. A white rock rises in the lake, not far from Moala.

In crossing the lake from Ngombo to its western side, where the capital of the Sultan of the middle of the lake.

The lake neither rises nor falls at any season of the year. My informant thinks it most probable that the Nile takes its origin from this lake, though he did not visit the northern portion of it.

To the W.—according to my informant,—but as he says he travelled directly west in going from Mozambique to Moala, it would seem rather to be W.N.W.—from lake Nyassi he heard of another extensive lake called *Timbaze*, distant about a month's journey.

Thus much about my own proceedings:—now, a word about Dr. Overweg's. During my absence he got the boat ready; and he is now sailing on and exploring the lake of Central Africa and its shores, under the protection of the Kashella Fuggo Ali of Meduwari (with whom I had previously explored the shores of the lake where it was still very shallow,) and guided by some Buddima chiefs.

On account of the strong winds,—which did not allow the Buddima boats to proceed, while the English boat is said to have tacked about in every direction under full sail,—it took him nine days to go from Kawa, the village by the shore of the lake on this side, to the chief town of the Buddimas—who (it is said) everywhere do him the greatest honour,—at the same time admiring the structure of that strange boat.

The results with which I expect him back in a few days will be of the greatest interest for the whole geography of Central Africa; and I am sure the English public, as well as the Government, will see that the German scientific travellers are well worth a little assistance in their arduous undertakings. God be praised! supplies to the amount of 100*l.* have at length arrived by a very circuitous route: others of like value, sent by the direct road of Bilma,—together with letters and news from our friends in Europe, of which we are sadly in need,—have not yet arrived.

After having made the tour of the lake by land, I shall try, if possible, to penetrate southward, by the route from Baghrinni, Bangbay, and Somrai,—of which I have sent an Itinerary to Mr. Petermann.—I have another most important Itinerary from hence by way of Loggun to Somrai and further south, which is of the greatest interest for the course of the Shary; but at present I have no leisure to communicate it. At Kaka, the rainy season, properly speaking, ought to have commenced; but all is still dry here,—though two days further south everything has already become green, and the crops are shooting. For one month to come, nothing is to be done but to occupy ourselves with inquiries, languages, &c.—Yours, &c.,

DR. BARTH,

'ABD EL KEREEM.

THE BARONESS VON BECK.

SINCE our last article on the subject of the late Baroness von Beck, Mr. Bentley has found among his papers the letter so often referred to in the course of this controversy,—conveying the opinion of M. Pulszky, when applied to as Hungarian agent in this country, on the question of the value of the deceased Lady's Narrative of the war. In the face of what has been said during the course of this discussion, the terms of that letter are nearly incredible. This week we can only lay it before our readers:—and indeed they should have some little time for its digestion. Next week, we shall have something to say by way of comment. The letter, as now printed, is as follows.—

"It is difficult to give a satisfactory opinion on the MS. you sent me yesterday (and which I returned this afternoon) without knowing whether it forms a portion of a work, or is intended for insertion in the *Miscellany*. The narrative is to be relied upon, excepting inaccuracies in the spelling of the names and the like. The lady had peculiar opportunities of noting events of a romantic character; and her MS. contains the materials for some very interesting sketches, which probably might be advantageously inserted in your *Miscellany*. But the whole must be re-written—re-cast in English (at least, such is my opinion after a very cursory glance). Don't let this be any obstacle if you think the MS. worth printing. My own opinion is, that the materials are quite worth a little pains. The lady, I know, was personally acquainted with Kosuth, and I have every reason to think highly of her."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

ONE of the greatest facts of the day is certainly the extensive and systematic emigration which is taking place from these islands to America and Australia. We learn from the report of the Registrar-General, just issued, for the three months ended 30th September last, that during those three months 85,603 emigrants sailed from the several ports of the United Kingdom at which Government emigration agents are stationed. An emigration of this magnitude is at the rate of nearly 1,000 persons a day:—930 is the exact number. It is probable that one-half of the total number of these emigrants were Irish. The United States is still the great point of destination of the swarms who leave our shores. Out of the 85,603 emigrants above mentioned, no less than 68,960 sailed for the Atlantic ports of the Union;—and the remaining 16,643 were distributed in the proportions of 9,268 to British North America, 6,097

to the Australian colonies, and 1,278 to other places. So far, the total emigration of 1851 has exceeded that of the corresponding period of 1850—and the emigration of 1850 exceeded that of any former year. In point of fact, the business of emigration has now become a great branch of our commerce. It is probable, for example, that the 85,000 persons conveyed from the United Kingdom during the last official quarter would require between 600 and 700 ships for their accommodation; and it is not difficult to imagine the extensive ramifications of employment which enter into the full equipment of such a fleet for such a purpose. The emigration from Ireland is a phenomenon which is peculiar,—and can be properly understood only by entering on a wider inquiry than at present we can undertake. But the continuance of an extensive emigration from England and Scotland in years like the present of cheap food and good employment, seems to justify the inference that the facilities for reaching remote regions and colonies have at length become so great, and the diffusion of an accurate knowledge of the advantages offered to enterprising men in those new fields of activity so general among certain classes of our population, that emigration has ceased to be the sudden and irregular expedient of difficult times, and is rapidly assuming all the solidity of a system. For the last three or four years, the total emigration of each twelvemonth has exceeded 300,000 souls.—While alluding to this subject, we must not omit to draw the attention of the Emigration Commissioners to the slovenly and illegible manner in which their official "Circular" of information for emigrants is compiled and printed. It ought to be remembered that that Circular is intended for the use and guidance of comparatively illiterate persons; and surely it would be worth while to bestow a little pains in rendering its contents as full and plain as possible, and to use a type and paper which would not make the task of perusal positively painful.

Some of our readers will be interested in learning that Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, of Cleator, has offered a prize or scholarship, of 100*l.* to every student of the Manchester New College who shall hereafter obtain a gold medal in University College, London. As four gold medals may be obtained each year in the University, it will be perceived that Mr. Ainsworth's offer is one of no common liberality. In a letter to the Rev. R. Brook Aspland, one of the secretaries of the College, he states that the prize will be given by him from year to year, and will in all probability die with him, as he is not friendly to endowments; and that he offers the prize not as a stimulus to greater exertion on the part either of professors or of students, having already reason to be satisfied with the position taken by the students of the college,—but in the hope of inducing young men of talent, by the prospect of these scholarships, to enter themselves at Manchester New College.

On Thursday the sub-marine telegraph between Dover and Calais was completed throughout,—and was immediately opened to the general public.

Hitherto both King's College and Marischal College, Aberdeen, have been in the habit of issuing medical degrees. King's College, however, has frequently contested the right of Marischal College to issue such degrees, on the ground that this right is not formally provided for in the charter of the college. Marischal College has always answered, that both by usage and by implication from its charter, which grants the power of issuing other degrees, this right of granting medical degrees belongs to her. Now, however, the controversy is to be brought to a decision,—as the authorities of King's College have been circulating handbills declaring all medical degrees issued at Aberdeen and not bearing the sign-manual of King's College to be invalid. Apparently, Marischal College must go to law to vindicate its right; and one medical practitioner in Aberdeen has publicly called on the college to do so, or refund the fees which he paid for his degree.

We see with pleasure that the *Senatus Academicus* of the University of St. Andrews has unanimously conferred the honorary degree of

Doctor of the 'Ara land.'

The edict against Glasgow are the floors, for of choler Nowhere It is man the Pul abominat enforced length si due regis health a Let us n party in let or undergr of Augu date,— liable to undergr height, of the st six alon warned shall be may ha for neg there is that in penalty.

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Doctor of Laws on Mr. Daniel Wilson, author of the 'Archæology and pre-historic Annals of Scotland.'

The General Board of Health has issued an edict against cellars. In Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, and other of our large towns, the cellars are the sources of many diseases;—their damp floors, foul air, cold walls are the prime ministers of cholera, dysentery, influenza and scarlet fever. Nowhere is the sanitary reformer needed more. It is matter of great regret that the provisions of the Public Health Act in reference to these abominations have hitherto been so insufficiently enforced; and now that the Board have at length stirred in the case, it may be hoped that a due regard will be shown for public decency and health as well as for the vested rights of individuals. Let us remind parties interested in the sort of property in question that the act makes it unlawful to let or occupy as a dwelling any vault, cellar or underground room, built or rebuilt after the 31st of August 1848, or not let or occupied before that date, and any person so letting or occupying is liable to indictment. It further provides that no underground chamber that is not seven feet in height, of which three feet must be above the level of the street—that has not an open area of two feet six along its entire frontage—that is not drained, warmed and ventilated in the manner prescribed—shall be inhabited, notwithstanding that such room may have been inhabited hitherto. The penalty for neglecting these provisions is 20s. a-day, where there is a local Board of Health. We understand that in future the Board mean to enforce this penalty on all offenders.

A correspondent who signs himself A. Hall White, and dates from Harlow, has written to point out certain inaccuracies into which he says our correspondent S. A. has fallen in that account of her summer drive through "English Highways and By-ways" which appeared in our columns a fortnight ago, [*ante*, p. 1148]. Gilbert White, he says, was not buried in the Church of Selbourne, but in a grave on the north, or unfashionable, side of the churchyard.—All the brothers of Gilbert, he adds, "were not buried at Selbourne;"—three certainly were not.—And finally he says:—"three of his brothers are living,—of whom I am one."

A few weeks ago we announced that the Royal Netherlands Institute of Sciences, Letters and Fine Arts had petitioned the King of Holland, in consequence of their limited income, for letters of dissolution. The King has taken the Institute at its word, and granted letters which fix the 31st of December next for the term of its existence.—From the 1st of January 1852, the Institute will be replaced by a Royal Academy, which will specially devote itself to exact and natural sciences. This body will receive from the state an annual grant of 6,000 florins. It will be composed of twenty-six ordinary, twenty-two extraordinary, and five free members. There are to be eighteen foreign members, and an unlimited number of correspondents.

In a vast metropolis like London, with suburbs like cities, and miles of villa residences stretching out in every direction towards the country, no question of internal regulation can well exceed in importance that which determines the nature, speed, and cost of the public conveyances. The omnibus and the cab are sanitary means,—and something more. Without them London as it is would be an impossibility. Like Berlin, Paris, or Vienna, it would be cooped up in comparatively narrow bounds,—the limitation of time and the necessities of business acting as barriers, beyond which only leisure and fortune would be able to expatiate for the physical blessing of pure air and the moral suggestiveness of tree and flower. The cab and the omnibus have opened up the picturesque beauties of Hampstead, Norwood, Putney, Blackheath, and many another delicious suburb to men who must otherwise have made their habitations on the borders of the Fleet River or amid the amenities of Cheapside. In its contentment with vehicles to which it owes so much, the public has been disposed to overlook matters of detail,—such as their general want of safety, comfort and economy. Consequently, while every other branch of public service has been forced into

reforms and reductions within these dozen years—railways, steamers, Post Office, &c.,—the cab has undergone no change, and the omnibus, in London at least, no improvement. At present nearly all the London cabs are in the hands of men without character. The legal fare is too high, but the actual fare demanded is much higher; demanded, too, often in the coarsest and most insulting terms. At length we are glad to hear that a reform is to take place in this matter, such as promises to meet effectually most of the existing evils. The fare is to be reduced to fourpence a mile,—at which rate the calculations show a fair profit to the company; and the men are to wear some sort of livery, as they do in foreign cities, and be subject to a strict discipline. To render the reduction of fare a reality, and to avoid every occasion for disputes as to the distance travelled, an indicator is to be provided for every cab, showing the number of miles gone over. By these simple contrivances the cab may be redeemed from the disrepute into which it has lately fallen, notwithstanding its convenience. The ranks may be no longer crowded with idle men and horses two-thirds of the day. More cabs must be required for the service, as also more cabmen and more horses,—and thus many industries may be beneficially stimulated by the change. It will be no slight advantage of the new system that a lady will be able to call a cab without fear of insult or extortion from the driver.

Two curious instances of the favour that Literature and Art are to receive from the Ultra-Montane party on the continent of Europe occur in our correspondence this week. From Paris we learn that a relative of Mr. Gladstone has been excluded from a *cerce*, or club, in that city by the priestly party, because his uncle, the member for Oxford, had the courage to denounce the senseless tyranny of the Neapolitan government!—The other instance amounts to the grotesque. It is the case of a young Roman artist who is banished from Rome for the crime of being called Giovanni Mazzini! The very name of the late Triumvir—it would seem—is about to be proscribed in the Roman States, as that of Macgregor was time gone by in the northern part of our own island.—To the question "What's in a name?" the Roman government gives a very significant and practical reply.

A Correspondent writes to us as follows.—"Since the navigation of the river Po has become somewhat free, the great importance of this communication becomes every day more apparent. It is to Cavalier Negrelli that not only the treaties for the liberation of this river, but also the many hydrographic works thereon, are owing. It is not the Po alone on which the activity of the renowned engineer is turning;—the Ticino, the Adda, the Mincio, the Trebbia and the Panono will be alike rendered available for traffic. Hitherto, goods sent from the Adriatic to Milan were nearly eight weeks on the road;—the time has been already shortened to as many days,—and may yet be further reduced. The Po even in the driest season is navigable for steamboats to its very embouchures; and only at one of its mouths will hydraulic aid be required. When the communication of the Po with the Adriatic shall be once fairly established, its confluents and adjacent lakes will form a net of inland communication spreading over the whole of upper Italy, and reaching even to the recesses of the Alps."

The readers of the *Athenæum* will have a lively remembrance of the smart, summary and somewhat unscrupulous assertions which give a high flavour to the literary communications of the author of 'Revelations of Russia.' It may amuse them, then, without doing any particular harm, to hear—as a sequel to the discussion on which we were compelled to enter in our examination of Sir Francis Head's book relating to the national defences—a story—or rather, two stories—communicated to the *Daily News* by that sanguine chronicler,—and vouched *suo periculo*, as his manner is. According to the authority in question, England would seem, after all, to have been living on the verge of a French invasion under a succession of governments,—and the destruction of London appears to be a familiar idea with statesmen of all régimes across the water.—The first story undertakes to account for that

memorable letter of the Duke of Wellington's which frightened the more nervous part of the Isle from its propriety and very much astonished the rest. Till now this somewhat remarkable movement of the Commander-in-Chief had not been accounted for. It is intimated, however, by the author of 'Revelations of Russia' that in considering by what means the dynasty of Louis Philippe could be secured in France, a favourite plan was, the invasion of England and the conquest of her capital by a sudden stroke:—and the knowledge of this scheme, it now appears, was the inspiration—and we think very sufficient justification—of the Duke's letter. The writer rises with the discussion of his theme,—and his 'Revelations' grow more curious and circumstantial.—"Ledru Rollin," he says "when a member of the Provisional Government, was one evening much occupied, when an African general, who refused to give his name, was announced as desiring a private interview. Ledru Rollin replied that he was engaged till two in the morning; to which the stranger rejoined, that he would wait. When at length the general (whom Ledru Rollin did not know personally) was admitted, he introduced himself as General Changarnier. 'How is it, general,' inquired the minister, 'that you have left your African government?' 'I know,' replied the general, 'that I ought to be there. I have come under the pretext of visiting the death-bed of a near relative, but really for the sole purpose of seeing you.' Here the general proceeded to explain that, for several years past, the dream of his life had been the invasion of England; that he had sent agents to levy plans, survey harbours, and obtain information on the minutest points connected with the topography and defences of the country. Basing his calculations on these data, he judged the capture and destruction of the British metropolis feasible, was anxious to attempt it, and came to entreat of Ledru Rollin the means of putting his project into execution. Ledru Rollin remarked that such matters were not within his province; but Changarnier answered him, that, nevertheless, he could collect 12,000 men belonging to regiments which had served under his orders in Africa, and obtain for them means of transport on his (Ledru Rollin's) sole order. The general expressed himself further satisfied that with this force he would be able to make a swoop on Woolwich, burn the shipping in the docks, and destroy or capture astonished London. He added, that, in case of failure, he permitted Ledru Rollin and his colleagues to disavow him, and pledged his word of honour as a soldier that if he were tried, hanged, or shot, he would die without criminating his employers. Ledru Rollin replied that he had also formerly entertained the notion that France must some day avenge the disasters of Waterloo; but that at present peace with Great Britain was the wish and policy of the French people, and that in any case it appeared to him that it was only on a fair field, with an armed enemy, that France could vindicate her honour, not by an act of piracy, or by barbarously injuring the lives and property of peaceful citizens."—In this view of the case we think Ledru Rollin was right:—and we dare say our neighbours across the Straits, who have just returned home after fraternizing with us in a spirit which we entirely trust, are as much amused at these pictures of themselves and their leaders as we are at the constant distortions of ourselves which appear in the periodical mirrors of Continental literature. The high road to London is wide open to the Frenchman—as he now largely and practically knows,—and the welcome of a friend awaits him when he comes there:—why should he seek to reach it by a more difficult path and in a less worthy guise? It is true that the English war-steed has been stabled in the streets of Paris,—but not with England's will nor by England's mere strength. That was the recoil of Europe against the most marvellous feat of force that ever a nation achieved,—but which France is nobler in her aspirations now than to wish to repeat.—We must say, however, that the idea of a French descent on London—whenever our neighbours may prefer putting their foot on us to going hand in hand with us on the path of moral and material progress—is not without its compen-

sating element in our minds. To a certain extent the interests of the two nations are identical. We take for granted that whether General Changarnier or the Prince de Joinville shall head the invading troops along Piccadilly, the demolition of the bronze caricature of the Duke of Wellington on the Arch at Hyde Park Corner may be deemed certain. War has generally been considered unfavourable to the arts:—our readers may here see the proverbial exception. The danger is, that a nation so accomplished in epigram as the French should see that a keener vengeance would be to leave us the scarecrow. Looking at the amount of misery daily endured by thousands in passing the corner of Grosvenor Place, and the amount of foreign ridicule of which it yet hears the echoes, we question if the emancipation of our children from this absurdity would not be cheaply purchased at the price of an invasion.

ENGLISH ART.—SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS, at the Gallery of the Old Water Colour Society, 5, Pall Mall East, comprising, amongst other important works, CHLOE SPELDER, R.A., Webster, R.A., Landseer, R.A., Hart, R.A., Crewick, R.A., John Martin, R.A., Copley Fielding, Cattermole, John Lewis, Frieh, A.R.A., Ward, A.R.A., Egg, A.R.A., Leitch, Topham, Hunt, Holland, Lance, Duncan, Hodgson, Goodall, &c. Open daily from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s. SAMUEL STEPHEN, Sec. Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Nov. 12.—Sir R. I. Murchison, Pres., in the chair.—Lieut. Pim, R.N., described his plan of an Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, as follows.—I have been invited to lay before you a detailed plan for discovering some traces of Sir John Franklin's Expedition; and shall commence by stating the circumstances which gave rise to the belief that the missing ships are to be found, not on the coast of America,—but on that of Asia.—While on board H.M. ships *Herald* and *Plover*, exploring the arctic regions, the fate of Sir John Franklin was daily the subject of consideration; and I could not but be struck with the fact, that the plans adopted for the relief of that gallant little band had been based on the supposition that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had failed in the very commencement of their voyage. I, however, was impressed with the idea that success up to a certain point had crowned an enterprise conducted by a man combining bravery unmatched with perseverance, skill and science, rarely found,—and who had for his companions men justly considered the flower of the British navy. In fine, I was convinced that Sir John Franklin would not be found on the threshold of the north-west passage;—and consequently applied myself to the consideration of where he would have to be looked for.—Wrangel's narrative having been perused attentively, the fact that Wrangel, as well as Anjou, found an open sea in several places during the cold season in comparatively high latitude impressed itself on me.—The course of the isothermal lines also, as deduced from various observations by modern philosophers, and the opinion of Col. Sabine, as well as that of other men of science, of the existence of open water around the pole,—afforded a clue to the probable course of Sir John Franklin:—since strengthened, it may be added, by Capt. Penny's discovering northward of Wellington Channel a sea free from ice. It is gratifying to state that Admiral Sir F. Beaufort's opinion is the same. In a letter lately received, he makes the following remarks:—

"I have at all times, both publicly and privately, expressed my conviction that if the *Erebus* and *Terror* should succeed in passing through Wellington Channel, they would find the Northern Ocean comparatively free from ice, and find it an easy matter to penetrate to the westward. Franklin's difficulties would therefore begin when, having made his westing, he might endeavour to haul to the southward for Bhering's Straits:—for Cook, Beechey, Kellett, and all navigators who have passed through that opening, found the soundings decrease on approaching the southern edge of the ice,—making it almost demonstrable that a bank of some hundreds of miles in length, and most likely rising up in many islands, stretches across from

west to east. If those ships, therefore, did find their way through Wellington Channel,—they have got into some labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Bhering's Straits, or further west on the flats off the coast of Siberia."

From this opinion of Sir F. Beaufort, and taking all other circumstances into consideration, it appears to me that Sir John Franklin having passed through Wellington Channel attained the Polynia, or open water,—and would then naturally steer to the westward, and when reaching the meridian of Bhering's Straits, re-enter the ice in order to penetrate to the Pacific Ocean. Difficulties, however, would again impede his progress. Embayed in the frozen masses which have checked the advance of every navigator from the earliest to the present time, he would be at the mercy of the winds and currents, rendering it problematical to which coast he would be driven, whether to that of the new or that of the old world. The endurance, hardihood and courage of a Richardson, a Kellett, a Pullen and a Rae have afforded negative evidence that the coast of Northern America is not the country where the final settlement of the question—what has become of Sir John Franklin? must be determined:—the next place, therefore, to which attention turns is Siberia.—Wrangel's narrative proving that pieces of wreck have been found on the Asiatic shores, and historical accounts stating that various Russian Expeditions experienced the greatest difficulties in penetrating even a short distance easterly, make it evident that the very course which produced that effect upon the Russian vessels would bring about an opposite result upon any ships which may happen to be about the meridian of Bhering's Straits:—consequently that a well organized search of the Asiatic shores would afford results highly satisfactory. H.M. ship *Herald*, after an absence of six years, having returned to England after three times visiting Bhering's Straits without more success than the squadrons on the eastern side of America, and the fate of Sir John Franklin being still wrapped in mystery,—I considered it my duty to make known the above conviction, and to submit to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a plan for obtaining traces of the missing Expedition. My proposal was, to start on the 15th of this month and travel by way of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tobolsk, Irkutsk and Jakoutz to the mouth of the Kolyma, lat. 68° 31', long. 16° east, and thence to commence exploring the coast of Siberia, east and west from Siverio Vostochimii Nos, or north-east cape of Asia, to Cape North of Cook,—altogether a distance of 10,000 miles. I did not ask for a party,—but merely a companion and a servant; and I stated that the expense attending the journey would be trifling in comparison with the result which it appeared to me to promise. To my great disappointment, the Admiralty, though thanking me for my suggestion, declined to undertake the execution of the plan. Lady Franklin, however, impressed with the hope of obtaining some satisfactory intelligence, requested me to carry out my proposal by private means. Unlimited leave of absence for the purpose having been readily granted by the Admiralty, I have no hesitation in responding to her desire. The funds which Lady Franklin was able to devote to this Expedition amounted to no more than 500*l.*—a sum obviously inadequate to such an undertaking. It was therefore determined to use that money for fitting out the Expedition, and to appeal to His Imperial Majesty of Russia to assist in effecting this object:—Lady Franklin considering that even should the appeal be unsuccessful, the funds would have been appropriately expended in so legitimate an attempt to rescue her unfortunate husband and the gallant men who accompanied him.

The President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison, at once perceiving the nature of my plan, fully entered into my views; and his extensive knowledge of Russia, and the many introductions which he has given me to the most influential men and Societies in St. Petersburg, afford me sanguine hopes of success.—Accordingly, it is my intention to proceed to St. Petersburg on the 18th instant, to present letters

and to enlist the sympathy of the Russian Government in the cause. My original plan has, however, undergone some modification. Mr. Berthold Leemann, late naturalist of H.M. ship *Herald*, was ready to accompany me on the journey; but having engaged himself to produce several works connected with the voyage of H.M. ship *Herald*, he was unable to assist in a plan which had often formed the topic of our earnest conversation. I am now compelled to proceed alone, and look forward to companions provided by the Imperial service of Russia.—Supposing that the negotiation with the Court of Russia terminate favourably, my track would lead from St. Petersburg to Moscow by railway,—from Moscow to Irkutsk by sledge or sledges, a distance of 3,544 miles,—and from Irkutsk to Jakoutz on sledges, a distance of 1,824 miles. The whole journey occupying about four months.—At Jakoutz all regular travelling conveyances terminate,—and the 1,200 miles to the river Kolyma as well as the 2,000 miles of search will have to be performed in a manner best adapted to the resources of the country. In 1854 the task may be completed, if unfortunately before that time no traces should have been found. In the interval I shall lose no opportunity to apprise the Royal Geographical Society of my proceedings:—and I take this opportunity of soliciting the members to furnish me with advice or information respecting a country so little known.—I have thus briefly stated a plan that has occupied my most serious attention; and although reluctant to intrude any personal notice, I must remark that if my hopes of success may seem too sanguine, the fact of my undertaking without any pay from Government or personal remuneration from Lady Franklin the execution of the project, is sufficient to show that I am not merely a theorist, but a man ready to carry his plans into practical execution to the utmost of his abilities.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Nov. 3.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. J. Hunter was elected a Member.—The President exhibited a living larva of *Hammeticheros Heros*, which had been forwarded to him from Pembroke Dockyard by Sir T. Pasley, having been found in an Italian oak that was being cut up.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a new British coleopterous insect, *Dicran discolor*, and the rare British lepidopterous insect, *Gracilaria phasianipennella*, both taken this year in Scotland by Mr. Weaver. He also exhibited three specimens of *Helops pallidus* (Curtis), found at Tenby by the Rev. H. Burney.—Mr. E. Shepherd exhibited some specimens of *Aporophila australis*, &c., and a pale variety of the female *Colias Edusa*, all captured this autumn near Deal.—Mr. Smith exhibited some oak leaves with galls, commonly known as oak spangles, attached; in one of these galls he had found a larva, most probably that of *Cynips longipennis*, an insect hitherto only obtained in the perfect state.—Mr. Wilkinson exhibited the cases and females of a species of *Talaporina*, and also the young larvae (with their cases) produced from eggs laid by the females without male intercourse.—Mr. White exhibited some specimens of Crustacea, including *Idotea Baffini*, *Acanthronotus hystrix*, *Amphithoe Edwardsi*, *Nymphon* (new species), collected by C. Ede, Esq., Assistant-Surgeon to H.M.S. *Assistance*, lately returned from the Arctic regions. He exhibited some drawings by Mr. Ede of minute Crustacea, including a species of *Cyclopeira*, which Dr. Baird thinks may prove the type of a new genus. He also exhibited an unpublished plate of Crustacea and insects, which will shortly appear in Mr. Macgillivray's 'Voyage of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*.' He exhibited likewise a portrait of Jules-César Savigny, Member of the Academy of Sciences, and one of the *savans* employed during the French Expedition to Egypt, and he gave a short account of his valuable labours and published works.—Mr. Douglas exhibited specimens of a new species of *Ephestia*, which he had found in a bonded warehouse at Botolph Wharf, and which Mr. Doubleday had reared from dry Turkey figs.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 11.—Sir W. Cubitt, President, in the chair.—The

paper read was, 'An Investigation of the Strains upon the Diagonals of Lattice-beams, with the resulting Formulae,' by Mr. W. T. Doynne and Prof. W. B. Blood. — The President recalled to those gentlemen who had been recently elected the engagement entered into on their election to present original communications, books, &c., in order to promote the interest of the meetings, or increase the library.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Statistical, 8.—On the Duration of Life amongst the Clergy, by W. A. Guy, M.B.
Tues. Chemical, 8. — Anatomical Lecture.
Wed. British Architects, 8.
Thurs. Linnæan, 8.
Friday. Geological (Council), 7.
Sat. Civil Engineers, 8.—Description of a new Metallic Manometer, and other Instruments for measuring Pressures and Temperature, by M. Eugène Bourdon, of Paris.
Mon. Geological, half-past 8.—Additional Observations on the Slate Rocks of Devon and Cornwall, by Prof. Sedgwick.
Tues. Description of a curious Fossil Fern, from the Coal-measures of Cape Breton, by C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq.
Wed. On the Erratic Blocks of the South Highlands of Scotland, by W. Hopkins, Esq.
Thurs. Royal, 8.
Antiquaries, 8.
Fri. Pathological, 8.
Sat. Medical, 8.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts.

On the 7th of this month the active labours of those connected with this institution commenced:—an inaugural address being delivered by Sir Henry De la Beche, Director-General of the Geological Survey and of the Museum of Practical Geology, to a numerous auditory. The general bearing of this address was in favour of the extension of a system of industrial education:—for which the Museum of Practical Geology, with its extensive and constantly increasing collections, was shown to be peculiarly adapted. Its examples of natural mineral produce and of manufactures therefrom were stated to be now very extensive;—and it was shown how all these could be made available with advantage under the educational guidance of the respective Professors. The advantages of a scientific education to all who are likely to be engaged in the industrial arts was strongly insisted on by Sir Henry De la Beche; and numerous instances were given of serious losses and failures arising from the want of that kind of knowledge which is intended to be conveyed in this institution.

The following quotation from the address fully explains the principles by which it is proposed to conduct this School of Mines and Applied Science.—

In these days when ocean steamers, railways, and electric telegraphs are transporting man or his thoughts from region to region, with a certainty and despatch not deemed probable even a few years since, and when a great industrial Exhibition has just closed after a most brilliant career—an exhibition which could not have existed without these and similar aids to the progress of mankind—it might appear superfluous to point to any application, even those of the highest science, as contributing to the well-being of our kind, as if that sufficient reason could not be applicable for further advance, for modifying the practice under differing conditions, or for pointing out the cause of failure when it might be at fault. We still, however, too frequently hear of practical knowledge, as if in a certain sense it was opposed to a scientific method of accounting for it, and as if experience without that advantage were more trustworthy than the like experience with it. Such may not certainly be the actual expressions, but the usual reasoning adopted, nevertheless, too frequently amounts to the same view. Let it not, for a moment, be inferred that we do not regard practical knowledge as of the highest importance, even in cases where these possessing it may not else possess the power of satisfactorily analysing it. Facts brought to light by practice are to general progress that which experiments are to experimental philosophy; they have to be properly explained by the best methods at command, after they have been satisfactorily proved to be facts—a matter of no slight importance, seeing that many things, so termed, are not such. We only desire that all interested should have the power to discriminate between sound and unsound views, so far as existing knowledge may be available—taking all care not to neglect or depreciate the information afforded by those whose opportunities may not have sufficiently advanced their power to analyse and extend it. We should recollect how rapidly the science of our time has increased in its extension and application in directions not dreamt of by one of our forefathers. As some reason, right or wrong, is sure to be assigned for every practice, it is most important that those connected with it should possess the existing knowledge upon which it rests. It becomes a national duty to assist in collecting that knowledge for them, especially when it is scattered. For the purposes contemplated at this establishment, facts bearing upon the teaching proposed have to be sought far and wide among various other

nations, as well as in our own. That there is an increasing feeling among those most interested that, successfully to apply a science, requires both a knowledge of the science, and of the subject to which it is to be applied; and that wherever there is a want for promoting the combined information it should be supplied, our every-day experience shows. Those whose duties or inclinations take them among our industrial population can scarcely fail to observe how much the term *practical* is becoming appreciated in its true sense. Indeed, the difficulties which the instructed in that population have to contend with from the uneducated could scarcely otherwise than lead to correct views on this head. Afford those whose minds are alive to every application of knowledge the power to acquire that which they are desirous of applying, so that they possess the notion of analysing their practice successfully for general purposes and the public good. The more real knowledge is diffused, the more will effective practice be increased. Science and practice are not antagonistic; they are mutual aids. The one advances with the other.

On Friday the 8th, Dr. Lyon Playfair, the Professor of Chemistry in the Institution, delivered a lecture 'On the National Importance of studying and promoting Abstract Science as a means of giving a healthy Progress to Industry.' From this lecture—which most ably advocates the adoption of an enlarged system of industrial education—we extract the more striking passages. The lecturer said:—

The raw material used by industry for the production of useful objects doubtless forms the basis of manufactures, but its position and value are in relation to that of the object into which it is converted. In the successful prosecution of manufactures, apart from the influence of mere capital and labour, two elements are involved, each forming a factor which, in a competition of industry, may be made to assume very different values. The first element is the raw material; the second, the skill and knowledge used in adapting it to the purposes for which it is designed. Thus in its application to the manufacture of iron, the steel, and fuel, the other raw material employed in its conversion to a textile fabric, is not expensive. In England the same cotton is much dearer, but the fuel may be assumed to be equal in price. The competition between the two countries, in respect to calico, resolves itself into the necessity that England, to overcome the disadvantage of the greater cost of the raw material, must infuse a greater amount of skill and of human intelligence into the processes employed in its adaptation to useful purposes. England has succeeded in doing this, and, consequently, the mills of Manchester may render unproductive the mills of Lowell. But reverse the conditions of the two countries, and a similar result attests the truth of the same principle. Sheffield produces steel, which in large quantity is exported as a raw material to America. The history of that country has created a knowledge of the conditions required for the manufacture of edge tools. The forests were not cleared, or the prairies converted into arable land, without that observing nation understanding the qualities and the requirements of the axe, the adze, and the spade. The knowledge thus attained was applied to the manufacture of edge tools; and commerce returns to England its own steel, but under a new form, and endowed with an excellence, a temper, and a cheapness yet unattained by our own. Will to the application of greater skill it would have been impossible for America to have competed with the country which furnished the raw material. A nation, if it combine ordinary intelligence with its local advantages of cheap raw material, may long preserve almost a monopoly in special manufactures, and will continue to do so, either until the competing nation has risen so high above her in intelligence as to make this more than an equivalent for the local advantages; or the other, and a greater equalisation in the price of the raw material renders a small amount of superiority in the intellectual element of sufficient importance to secure successful competition. But should any great transition of the world take place, and should means arise by which local advantages were levelled, and the raw material confined to one country became readily attainable by all, the difference in its cost being inconsiderable, then the competition in industry must become a competition in intellect; and that nation which most quickly promotes the intellectual development of its artisans, must, by an inevitable law of nature, advance; while the country which neglects its industrial training must as inevitably recede. It requires no mental acumen to perceive that we are rapidly approaching to, if we have not yet arrived at, this period of wonderful transition when nations must speedily acquire the levels due to their different amounts of intellectual development. It is quite true that a superabundance of capital may for a time preserve a country from a quick depression, even should it lapse in its intellectual training; but the support thus given can only be temporary and illusory, for if, by the purchase of foreign talent, the necessary knowledge is infused into home manufactures, this can only have the effect of raising the intellectual element in the foreign country, and thus finally accelerating its success as a competing nation. There never was a time when it was so necessary as now that skill and science should be united for the promotion of the industrial arts.

At former periods of human history local advantages or accidental combinations were the foundations of a nation's prosperity. The time is not distant when it was thought that the possession of mineral fuel indicated a country as the natural manufactory of those necessities of life which employ machinery in their production, while the existence of large tracts of land, warmed by a genial sun, stumped another nation as essentially agricultural, and employed its population in the labours of the field. Each country fell into a routine of manufacture, and Italy and France produced their silks and shawls with as little thought of competition as England its machinery and calicoes. Science is advancing has created resources unthought of before, and

has removed those local barriers which had retarded the progress of industry. Countries are no longer confined in their aspirations by smallness of territory, for this, by the aid of science, enlarges its powers. The want of soil, and its agricultural poverty can support only a scanty and miserable population, expands itself for the reception of increased numbers as the produce of its land augments; and thus knowledge, in the improvement of agriculture, wins by a bloodless victory vast additional territory to aid in the industrial resources of the nation, for a land with a two-fold increase in agricultural production, has, for all practical purposes, unfolded itself twice its size. Science, in its progress is improving and simplifying processes of manufacture, while it is opening at the same time a communication between the nations of the earth. The amazing facilities of transport afforded by the introduction of steam enable a ready interchange of their natural riches, and mere adventitious local advantages, apart from skill and science in their adaptation, become of much less moment than they formerly were. The proof of this is in the fact that the staple manufactures are now carried on in all parts of Europe, and that there is a constantly increasing and active competition of most of the great nations in all the markets of the world. If England still continue in advance it will not be that her coal and iron are plentiful, but because she unites science with practice, and because she enables her philosophy to keep pace with her aptitude in applying them. But is it true that England does act thus wisely? and is it true that science does hold in this country its just position in public esteem, or that it is fostered sufficiently to make that progress which it is now doing in other lands? To all such questions a negative reply must be given, for beyond a theoretical recognition of the importance of science in its relations to practice, and the establishment of this museum and college—a very important measure I admit—the State and the public only look to the empirical result, and have not deemed it necessary to foster that knowledge which directly led to it. But England is the only European state which is thus blind to its own interests, and which has not yet thoroughly awakened to the importance of giving an intellectual training to those entrusted with its manufactures. This is proved by the large endowments given by foreign governments for the support of institutions connected with industrial science, and it finds expression in the writings of their thinking men.

Hour after hour might be employed in recording the triumphs of chemistry in its investigations into the play of the organic elements. Looking back no further than the last few years you see how it has thrown open the most hidden processes of animal and vegetable life—how it has taught us to increase and economise the food of man. It is even yet the practice of those who have not followed her discoveries into the wondrous affinities of the few simple organic elements, to depreciate the importance of following their infinite creations. If, however, there were no other result from doing so than the one great achievement of having explained the ingredients in food used to build up the muscular frame and those employed in the support of animal heat, the importance of that discovery would have repaid all the labour of the past century. Almost all the staple manufactures of this country are founded on chemical principles, a knowledge of which is absolutely indispensable for their economical application. In a few educational establishments, and in some of our Universities, the alphabet of chemical science is taught; but it requires an institution such as this, devoted to a special object, to teach how to use that alphabet in reading manufactures. The extension of scientific and technical education is a want of the age. The old and yet widely existing scholastic system of education, introduced by the revival of learning in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is ill adapted to the necessities of the times. Erasmus would not now aid Cambridge in advancing the progress of England, nor would the illustrious Oxford use the means of the education of its population. It would be of little use to the lagging progress of Italy, even if Chrysoloras was again to teach Greek in its Universities. Euripides and Thucydides cannot make power-looms and spinning-jennies; for these Watts and Arkwrights are required. A Poggio may discover copies of Lucretius and Quintilian without thereby producing a result equal to that of the smallest discoveries of a Stephenson or a Wheatstone. When will our schools learn that dead literature cannot be the parent of living science or of active industry? "The great desideratum of the present age," says Liebig, "is practically manifested in the establishment of schools in which the natural sciences occupy the most prominent places in the course of instruction. From these schools a more vigorous generation will come forth, powerful in understanding, qualified to appreciate and to accomplish all that is truly great, and to bring forth the fruits of universal usefulness, through them the resources, the wealth, and the strength of empires will be incalculably increased." Institutions such as this are not substitutes for, but supplements to, the Universities. It is the industrial training which we profess, and everything else is made subsidiary to that object. Not that we do or should forget abstract science as such, because I believe the discovery of abstract laws are of more real benefit to industry than their immediate applications. The technical man is perhaps of more use to himself and to his time and generation than he who discovers the abstract laws which the former applies to the purposes of industry; but it is the abstract philosopher who benefits all time and confer universal and eternal benefit on society.

After giving numerous examples of the advantages of scientific knowledge to the manufacturer, and of the failures which have continually resulted from the want of it,—Dr. Playfair thus concluded.—

For a long time practice, standing still in the pride of empiricism, and in the ungrateful forgetfulness of what science had done in its development, reared upon its pedestal the old and vulgar adage—"An ounce of practice is worth

a ton of theory." This wretched inscription acted like a Gorgon's head, and turned to stone the aspirations of science. Believe it not; for a grain of theory—if that be an expression for science—will, when planted, like the mustard-seed of Scripture, grow and wax into the greatest of trees. The pressure and difficulties of the age, and the rapid advancement of intellect in continental nations, have been the Persus to cut off this Medusa's head from the industry of England, and to fix it on the shield of Minerva, who turns to stone such as still believe that science should be ignored by practice, but, reversing that shield, wisely conducts those who would go further under her guidance. It is now rare to find men who openly avow, although they actually entertain a belief in, a necessary antagonism between theory and practice. Theory is, in fact, the rule, and practice its example. Theory is but the attempt to furnish an intelligent explanation of that which is empirically ascertained to be true, and is always useful, even when wrong. Theories are the leaves of the tree of science, drawing nutriment to the parent stem while they last, and by their fall and decay affording the materials for the new leaves which are to succeed. I have now said enough to show you that it is indispensable in this country to have a scientific education in connexion with manufactures if we wish to outstrip the intellectual competition which now, happily for the world, prevails in all departments of industry. As surely as darkness follows the setting of the sun, so surely will England recede as a manufacturing nation, unless her industrial population become much more conversant with science than they now are.

On Monday the 10th, Mr. Edward Forbes—who is the Professor of Natural History—delivered a most instructive lecture on the importance of the study of natural history in various branches of industrial Art. He particularly instanced the importance of paleontological knowledge in leading to a correct knowledge of the coal-measure strata:—and he mentioned two instances in which large sums of money had been expended in a vain search for coal, from an imperfect knowledge of the fossils found in the beds through which the work was carried. Prof. Forbes also drew attention to the advantages which would be derived from the study of natural history by those who should cultivate a knowledge of design. "There is," says Prof. Forbes, "a great blank yet unfilled in the treating of the numerous applications which may be made of natural history to the arts. Beautiful as are the exquisite examples of ceramic, vitreous and metallic manufactures collected in our Museum, we cannot but feel that the workman, however fine his natural or acquired taste may be, is unaware of the vast variety of beautiful shapes and designs that lie unused in the treasury of Nature. The aiding of the manufacturer in the perfecting of his works is one of the aims we profess."

On Tuesday the 11th, Mr. Robert Hunt—the Professor of Mechanical Science—gave his lecture, 'On the Importance of cultivating Habits of Observation.'—First, tracing the progress of humanity and the birth and progress of science from the very necessities of existence,—Mr. Hunt proceeded to show that where close and careful observation has been neglected, error and uncertainty have retarded the progress of truth; but where attention has been paid to minute phenomena as they presented themselves, the advantages to man has been great. Numerous examples were given from physical science, and many illustrations from applied mechanics.

The courses under Profs. Playfair, Forbes, and Hunt have now fairly commenced:—those by Profs. Ramsay, Smyth, and Percy will begin on the 6th of January 1852.—As an important experiment, we feel great interest in the progress of this Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts,—and we shall from time to time return to a consideration of its doings.

We understand that a number of tickets to all the courses have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Redgrave, of the School of Design, to enable those students who might desire to do so to receive all the benefits which scientific instruction can here afford. Considerable eagerness is, we are informed, manifested amongst the pupils to avail themselves of this privilege.

IMPROVEMENTS IN LARGE REFLECTING TELESCOPES.

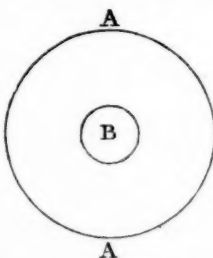
I joined the British Association this year at Ipswich a day too late to hear Lord Rosse's interesting remarks on various suggestions submitted to him for the improvement of large reflecting telescopes; and thus I was not fully aware of the nature of these remarks until the other day, when, happening to be in Edinburgh, a friend

showed me the account given of them in the *Athenæum* of July 12.

The mode there spoken of for dispensing with the second reflection,—by taking advantage of the form of the human body, and placing the observer all along in the middle of the tube with his feet stretched out towards the speculum and his head a little raised so as to enable him to view the object through the magnifier fixed in the axis of the large tube, was a suggestion of mine first published in the *Athenæum* [No. 890. p. 1048.]

This proposed improvement I afterwards submitted both to his Lordship and to Sir David Brewster. The principal objection that the latter had to it was, that the heat of the observer's body would cause a disturbance of the rays passing along it. This objection I proposed to remove, by inclosing the observer in a non-conducting case suspended in the middle of the tube. Communicating with this case there were to be two gutta percha pipes passing up to it through a large circular hole in the centre of the speculum: one pipe was for conveying fresh and warm air from the chamber of the observatory,—the other for discharging the same after use into the open air behind the speculum. There was also to be a mechanical apparatus whereby the inclosed observer could himself move and adjust both the large tube and his inclosing case at will; so that, instead of the exposure to the inclemency of the weather hitherto so detrimental and often fatal to the astronomer, he might continue his observations during the longest watches and coldest nights as snugly as though reclining on his own bed. All this in the *Athenæum* account before me seems to be admitted as practicable and attainable; but his Lordship states a new objection:—"The diffraction caused by the head of the observer, or by the box or case in which it was proposed to encase it or himself. The effect of this diffraction on the performance of the instrument would become more injurious the larger the profile of the object which stopped off the light."

Now, I should like much to know from his Lordship, Sir David Brewster, or other competent authority, how it happens, supposing the annexed diagram to represent a section of the telescope near its mouth, and of course the large circle A to be



the tube and the small B the end of the case in which the observer is inclosed,—how it happens, I say, that this diffraction on the "larger profile" A has never hitherto been found to injure the instrument while it is anticipated to be so fatal on the smaller B? Granting there be no mistake here, which there seems to be,—whenever satisfied there is no mistake I engage to show how this objection also may be easily obviated.

There is another point in the report before me on which I would make a few remarks,—but I delay till the present be discussed.

I am, &c.

P. M'FARLANE.

Comrie, Perthshire, Oct. 6.

FINE ARTS

The Geometrical Mosaics of the Middle Ages. By M. Digby Wyatt. Published for the Proprietor. We are glad to see that this splendid work of Mr. Wyatt's has reached a second edition. We did not on its first appearance give it that notice which its merits demand, because our readers had then just made acquaintance with its author's theories and views in our reports of his papers on

the subject as they were read before the various Art Societies. But on the appearance of a second edition it is right that we should now say a few words on the collection of diagrams as they appear here represented.

The praise of indefatigable research and of critical sagacity must be awarded to Mr. Wyatt as having been almost the first to give to an English public anything like a rational account of an art which, falling into disuse as the art of painting advanced, has in these days of reproductive tendency come once more into request. Recent specimens shown in the Great Exhibition have established the possibility of the revival of this suspended form of decoration. Improved chemical knowledge and increased mechanical resource warrant the expectation of superior technical application:—the questions of originality of design and of direction of taste can be determined only by time.

The twenty-one pages of illustration which accompany Mr. Wyatt's historical notice—selected from leading examples of Italian art—are obviously given with a view of illustrating some of the most characteristic motives of a style which, from its early introducers into that country, was styled as the *opus Grecanicum* of the time—glass tessellated work. Examples are also given of the *opus Alexandrinum*, or marble tessellated work.

In England but little is known of either. Of glass tessellation there are the specimens in Edward the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. His shrine and the tomb of Henry the Third are too well known to need much other remark here than, that the frequent attribution of them to Pietro Cavallini is, as Mr. Wyatt justly remarks, a blunder. Some other Italian it was who set up these works after the most approved fashion of the day. These specimens are eloquent of a reigning and a beautiful taste;—the origin of which is involved in much obscurity. Mr. Wyatt has given an ingenious classification of styles and tastes; and has traced from Pliny and other sources the earliest known forms of the employment of this art. Its origin has also been variously ascribed to Persian, Indian, and other oriental nations. Mr. Wyatt refers to the 1st chapter and the 6th verse of the Book of Esther for an illustration in the "pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble" there spoken of. Daily discoveries, at home as well as abroad, have exhibited its extensive applications among the Romans. The Vase and Pigeons now an ornament of the Capitol is believed to be a work by Sosus of Pergamos,—and has in its time provoked much learned disquisition. Nor must we forget the mosaics of Pompeii, attributed to Dioscorides of Samos,—or the discovery in the same city, twenty years since, of the Great Battle. These are examples of different styles. Numerous are the examples of similar ornamentation in the same Roman city. The majority were in coloured marbles and stones:—and in all which we have seen there is a breadth of feeling and style perfectly in unison with the other arts then in use. Such does not appear to be the case with the times of which Mr. Wyatt treats. While in ornamentation the geometric mosaics display the most ingenious motives, the higher and more artistic forms of expression introduced by such artists as Mino di Turrita and Andrea Tafi command our respect more from their having been the precursors or the re-introducers of Art into the Tuscan and Roman states than from any realization of ideal character or technical power.

It is interesting to remember how such works arrested the attention of Cimabue:—how he and his disciples progressed from the hint which he derived when loitering in the baptistry. The rudeness which he eschewed in these performances—and which it has been the habit to assume as the accident of a barbarous age—has been differently accounted for. In the first impulse of Christian fervour, it is said—diametrically adverse, as it was, to that deification of natural objects which had prevailed among the Pagans—the imitation of moral and sacred things was sought by images opposed to the *beau idéal* of nature rather than by graceful and agreeable forms. The tendency was, to exhibit the divine manifestation under humble

and almost have come materializing Christ external to this fact: to the plan believing sensation ship the sense. 7 tendencies done as. Although which Mr. much mi which he treats combinat sive flight later and illustrati believe th tured sto days of the cham the Chur esquely place by thus that has alwa.—Once I puts records be to carry with gre to our d

FINE- nesday i situation brings far from regrets who h Fuell o craft of ill-direct want of we have so contri give pro this ten choicest before t restraint obtain h are soug instance variance are foll exercise it will b.—that artistic as Reyn The evi student and the repetiti is to be and original same in public Louvre.

A fir Physiic Mr. B. present of India We a picture we apo private would—Exhibit

and almost servile forms. Christ was believed to have concealed his magnificence under an exterior materially ugly. Clement, of Alexandria, exhorting Christians not to attach too much value to external beauty, in support of his exhortation, cites this fact:—and he and Tertullian were both opposed to the plastic representation of religious matters, believing that the daily habit of seeing the representation of divinity tends to profane it, and to worship the spirit in the substance is to lower it to the sense. This presumed repugnance to the imitative tendencies of art, it is further asserted, was abandoned as the power of Paganism declined.

Although this is a part of the question with which Mr. Wyatt has not concerned himself, it is yet much mixed up with the styles and times of which he treats.—The early examples of ornamentation which he gives are those relying more on ingenious combinations of geometric forms than on the excessive flights of fancy which were coincident with the later and more accomplished days of Scripture illustration:—and it is not supposing too much to believe that the same reasons governed both pictured story and decorative arabesque. The palmy days of Papal rule and pedantic lore exhibited in the chambers of the Vatican at once the history of the Church designed by Raffaele, and the arabesquely ornamented pilaster carried out in the same place by his scholar Giovanni da Udine. It is thus that the condition of external circumstance has always influenced the direction of Fine Art.—Once more we thank Mr. Wyatt for this work. It puts us in possession of some of the earliest records of a phase of Art decoration that cannot but be of invaluable assistance to those who desire to carry on a species of art which may be applied with great advantage to our public buildings and to our dwellings.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Exhibition, on Wednesday last, of copies made at the British Institution from pictures lent by the proprietors brings with it annually reflections that are far from consoling. They are composed of regrets at observing so many ingenious hands who have mistaken their vocation, and, as Fuseli observed, deprived many an honest handicraft of an industrious artisan,—and pity for the ill-directed efforts of individual aspirants. The want of a governing or directing person is felt, as we have often said, in all this:—one who might so control the elements within his reach as to give proper pursuit to the votaries who frequent this temple for Art-worship. In vain are the choicest examples of the highest practice placed before the students if there be no presiding and restraining conductor. In the eager desire to obtain knowledge, too many departments of Art are sought after at once; and in the majority of instances not only styles and practices at entire variance with each other are attempted, but many are followed that are unworthy of the rational exercise of mental power. These latter examples, it will be said, should not have been left for study:—that only proves anew the necessity for some artistic government, without which, copying is, as Reynolds pithily said, but “delusive industry.” The evil is not confined to the perplexing of the student mind:—it helps to fill the pawnbroker’s and the dealer’s shops with endless versions—not repetitions—of renowned performances,—often, it is to be feared, to the ultimate loss of the credulous and uninformed speculator in bargains and veritable originals. On a smaller scale, we have here the same mischief which meets us in most of the public galleries of Europe,—chiefly in that of the Louvre.

A fine marble bust of Dr. Lever, one of the Physicians of Guy’s Hospital—from the hand of Mr. Bully, the Royal Academician, has just been presented to that eminent practitioner by a body of ladies, his patients.

We are happy to find that the small dioramic picture of the City and Bay of Naples of which we spoke some weeks since on seeing it at a private view, has found—as we anticipated it would—a home. It has been opened as an Exhibition, under the name of Signor Agardo,

and with the title of the Noctorama, at the Portland Hall in Great Portland Street, Oxford Street. Our readers will remember that this very beautiful picture takes the spectator on a ramble through the streets of Naples,—includes amongst its objects of interest the Castel Nuovo, the Theatre San Carlo, the Santa Lucia, the Bay and opposite coast, with the sites of Portici, Resina, Herculano, and Pompeii, Vesuvius, Castellamare, the open Mediterranean, and Villa Reale,—and terminates with some striking dioramic effects of the Eruption of Vesuvius. A picture of ‘The Illumination of St. Peter’s at Rome’ is, we believe, to be added:—and the Noctorama should take its place among the attractive picture Exhibitions which enter so largely into the popular entertainments of the present day.

The prize of one hundred guineas offered by the managers of the Manchester Institution of Fine Art has, we hear, been awarded to Mr. E. M. Ward for his picture of ‘Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth,’ exhibited last season at the Royal Academy,—and now exhibiting at Manchester. The Heywood gold medal and money prize accompanying it has, we learn, been assigned to the same artist for the same picture.

The Paris papers state that the Free Society of Fine Arts in that capital are subscribing for a monument to the late M. Dagnerre—who was a member of their body,—to be erected at Petit-Brie, where the distinguished artist lies buried.

From Munich it is stated that the colossal equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus destined for the town of Gottenburg—modelled by the Swedish sculptor, Fuglberg, at Rome—has just been cast in the Royal Foundry of the former capital,—and was to be immediately forwarded to its place of destination. It represents the great king in the costume which he wore during the Thirty Years’ War, and holding in his right hand the bâton of command.—The Equestrian Statue of King Charles John (Bernadotte)—modelled by the same artist, for the city of Stockholm, and at the cost of its citizens—was just about to be cast.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—FIRST CONCERT.—On MONDAY EVENING, November 17, will be performed:—Overtures: ‘Don Carlos’ (M.S.), Macfarren; ‘Frederick,’ Weber; Piano-forte Concerto, Mozart; Symphony, No. 4, Mendelssohn; Septet, Lucia. Vocalists:—Mrs. Enderbryn, Messrs. Wallworth and Lockey. Solo Instrumental:—Miss Kate Loder, Messrs. Fratten, Nicholson, Lazarus, Maycock, C. Harper, Baumann, and Larion.—Tickets to be had only at Messrs. Adolph’s, 310, Regent Street. Subscription to the Series, 2s. 2s.; Stalls, 3s. 2s. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 15s.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN’S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.
THE LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

First Appearance of Messieurs DELOFFRE and PILET.
First Time of ‘THE BLOOMER QUADRILLE.’
First Appearance of Mons. BILLET.
First Night of ‘DON GIOVANNI.’
Seventh Appearance of Signor Botteini.

M. JULLIEN has the gratification to state that he has become the purchaser of several of the Instruments to which were awarded the Grand Medal, at the Great Exhibition, among which are:—The Violin manufactured by M. Viuillaume, of Paris—several of M. Sax’s Wind Instruments—and also the Grand Piano-forte of the Messrs. Erard; this latter Instrument will be exhibited every evening, and will be performed upon by the celebrated Pianiste, Mons. BILLET.

Programme for Monday Evening, Nov. 17th, 1851.

PART I.

Overture—‘Der Freischütz’ Weber.
Quadrille—(Humorous) ‘The Bloomer Quadrille’ Jullien.
Symphony—‘The Power of Sound’ Spohr.
Song—Miss DOLBY, ‘Ah quel Giorno’ Bonisetti.
Valse—‘La Prima Donna,’ composed for the Court Balls, Jullien.
Solo, Contrabasso—Sig. BUTTESINI, ‘Le Carnaval de Venise,’ composed by Sig. Paganini for the Violin, but performed by Sig. Buttesini on the Contrabasso Paganini.
Quadrille—‘Great Exhibition’ Jullien.

PART II.

Opera—Grand Selection and Fantasia, from ‘Don Giovanni’ with Solos Mozart.
Solo—Mons. FRELON, on Mons. Alexandre’s new Instrument ‘The Melodion’ Donizetti.
Polka—‘Puls des Polkas,’ composed by Sig. Auber Auber.
Song—Miss DOLBY, ‘The Flowers are sleeping’ Baker.
Duo, Violin and Violoncello, without Accompaniment—Mons. DELOFFRE and Mons. PILET, (First Time) Deloffre.
Valse—‘Miranda’ Kenig.
Galop—‘The Review’ Jullien.
Commence at Eight. Promenade, Boxes, and Galleries, 1s. Dress Circle 2s. 6d.

GRAND BAL MASQUÉ.

M. JULLIEN’S Annual Grand Bal Masqué will take place on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13th.

MISS DOLBY has the honour to announce that the FIRST of her ANNUAL SERIES of THREE SOIRÉES MUSICALES will take place at her residence, 3, Blüde-street, Manchester-square, on TUESDAY, the 18th instant, to commence at Eight o’clock precisely. Miss DOLBY will be assisted by eminent Vocal and Instrumental Artists. Subscription for the Series, One Guinea.—Tickets for a Single Soirée, Half-a-guinea each, to be had of Miss Dolby only.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs of France:—Le Premier Jour de Mai.—Le Lever.—Aube.—Chant d’Automne.—O ma belle Rebelle.—Venise. The Words by celebrated French Poets, and imitated in English by H. F. Chorley; composed by Charles Gounod.—As the first compositions by M. Gounod which have been published, these six Songs will be looked for with some curiosity by those who are acquainted with our opinion of his present value, and his promise for the future, as a composer. Few, we believe, who are competent to judge, or catholic in judging, will find our high commendations contradicted by a series which after its kind is one of the most individual ever given to the world of singers or songstresses.—The catholicity adverted to will be required merely because of the nationality of these melodies. They are essentially as French as Clément Marot’s *Lais* or Béranger’s *Chansons*,—yet entirely clear of the frivolity of those romances so prettily written by the Panzerons, Pugets, and scores beside, for the Sabatiers and other ladies to sing so piquantly. They must be examined with intimate and express reference to their French text; since the best conceivable English paraphrase (which no one can esteem the versions and imitations before us to be) must be lame in metre, forced in accent, and clumsy where the original is *spirituel*, when a reproduction of the rhymes and rhythms of Balf, Passerat, Hugo and De Musset is in question. Moore himself would have found the task one of no ordinary difficulty. Let this be illustrated by a single example—that of the word ‘Contentons,’ in ‘Le Premier Jour de Mai,’ which, as marking a refrain and a new sentence, claims to be rendered by a trisyllabic verb equivalent in meaning, accent, and euphony. Such an one can hardly be found.—Thus much to place the music of M. Gounod in the right point of view, and to do justice to his exquisite and close propriety in the adaptation of sound to sense.

In the next, or may we not say, first requisite for a song—which is, a tuneable melody—these specimens are as rich as they are characteristic. The ideas are always vocal, always natural; as well sustained as they are variously and happily originated.—But let us here make a remark, the truth of which we have been taught by some experience. There are few things in art concerning which opinion is so largely divided as this same matter of melody in music.

Ask where’s the North: at York ‘tis on the Tweed, &c. The first instinct with every one who has reached a certain point of connoisseurship is, to question its existence unless it take forms approved by his own established predilections. Thus, for many a long year the lovers of Mozart abused Rossini as a vulgar and frivolous writer of dance tunes. We have heard persons who admire the themes of Spohr as fresh, blame those of Mendelssohn for being dry. Others again, who study French criticism, will be puzzled when they read of melodies by M. Halévy as “distinguished,” which, when heard, will appear to them to be merely phrases in a regular number of bars, but in which every expected note has been replaced by something unlooked for. The definitions put forth, and the examples referred to by M. Berlioz, would be reconciler a college; so strangely will that acute critic reconcile himself to platitudes in one case, yet anathematize novelties in another. We cite these examples to explain our statement, that while M. Gounod seems to us as a melodist natural, sweet, expressive, and original beyond most of his contemporaries, it is by no means certain that those who call nothing a melody unless it reminds them of ‘Vedrai carino,’ or ‘Di tanti’ will admit our praise at once. Regarding the future we have no doubts.

These six Songs are in all styles. The first is as charmingly gay, in an old-world fashion, as if it were a verse of Chaucer,—fresh, tuneable, and rising towards the close into an animation which is de-

licious because of its complete nature. With this may be mentioned 'O ma belle rebelle'; because, there, too, to suit the tone of the ancient French lyric, M. Gounod has found such a melody as Baif might himself have written—amorously plaintive, but never sickly.—'Le Lever' is as bright and *gaillard* a morning-piece as the most gallant 'Going to the Chase' that Wou-vernann's ever painted. Here, again, the melody rises excellently in interest as the close is reached. In 'Aubade,' we have the serenader with voice and lute in antiphony—the gentle and delicate modulations in the accompaniment rescuing it from monotony with the *finesse* of a master.—The 'Chant d'Automne' is more devotional in its tenderness—a sacred air of the first class. The last song of this excellent series—'Venise'—is, however, our favourite, and of itself sufficient to establish its composer's reputation for beauty, originality, and felicity of colour. Having been obviously *conceived* in score,—the accompaniment, without the least difficulty or over-prominence, is so full as to be beyond the easy reach of two hands, and is, therefore, given to two performers. Many and lovely as the musical illustrations of Venice have been,—those of Rossini, Donizetti, Perruchini, and Mendelssohn (among his *Lieder*) not forgotten,—we know of none so fascinating and so faithful in its picturesque colour as this. With the utmost strictness of musical form is combined a variety of modulation singular as comprised in so short a space without crudity of effect,—though singular, however, not wholly unique. Herr Czerny, in his treatise on Composition, has already called the attention of students to Schubert's 'Hark, the lark' as a notable example of such excellencies; but M. Gounod's 'Venise' is a yet more remarkable one,—its turnings and windings, many as they are, being so wholly in the course of nature as to give to the composition the air of a recitation.

One word more: these 'Songs of France' must be sung, not slighted,—and not only sung, but *said* with taste and intelligence. They are very winning to the singer,—since M. Gounod (of whose own style and expression in singing those who have heard him speak in the highest praise) writes most comfortably for the voice, never failing to afford it every fair opportunity for distinction. To sum up:—without the usual tinsel and pretension of a French *Album*, here is a collection of "Songs of France" of the very first quality, which should—and we think will—find its way to the permanent favour of all who love what is new and what is true in music.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. H. Farren has determined, it would seem, to take advantage of Miss Laura Keane's engagement to try his fate with the London public in a higher class of characters than he has hitherto attempted. On Monday he undertook *Shylock*:—the lady performing *Portia*. Both parts, we may say, were rather experiments than finished performances,—but both evinced earnestness and aptitude. Mr. Farren is capable of seizing the outline of a great part;—but he has not yet acquired the power of adding the requisite colour, or supplying the inner spirit and those nice details which constitute the histrionic language by which the perfect actor realizes it to the least instructed of his audience.—We look on Mr. H. Farren as now serving his apprenticeship to a new order of art; and estimate his attempts as containing much general promise, but not justifying at present any particular eulogy.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Fitzpatrick has returned to this theatre; and on Friday week she appeared as neighbour *Constance*, in 'The Love Chase.' Her reception was cordial, and her performance characterized by its usual care and elegance,—with, we think, increase of force. She has since appeared in *Lady Rackett*, in 'Three Weeks after Marriage'; and acted the part with remarkable spirit and effect. A very successful career, we fancy, lies before this lady.

PUNCH'S PLATYHOUSE.—A slight affair entitled 'The Fifth of November' has been produced at this theatre. It is, as confessed, the mere "manu-

facture" of a Guy Fawkes' incident. A lover, disguising himself as the traditional effigy, scarcely escapes being burned on the grounds of an old gentleman who venerates ancient customs. By the *ruse*, however, he obtains the father's consent to the marriage of his daughter.—Such plots present too little of novelty to deserve more extended notice.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—What a scene was that at Drury Lane on the evening of Lord Mayor's day when the month of M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts commenced! The pit seemed paved with hats,—under which no faces could be seen, so tightly were their wearers jammed together. From the heaving of this black sea, and from the hoarse and busy murmurs thereof, the existence of much enthusiasm—and from time to time of a little pugilism also—might be divined by those who looked down upon its waves. The sight of that enormous and animated audience must have satisfied the most eager of Anglo-phobists—be he as perversely full of verjuice as Mr. Ware himself—that the Londoner has no objection to be entertained even in November; while it must have brought home to the Drury Lane treasury the precious conviction that M. Jullien has not lost his hold on the promenaders. Every other part of the large theatre was "to o'erflowing full."—No extraordinary novelty in musical confection has been yet presented. The monster hit of M. Jullien's month—if monster hit there is to be—is solemnly hidden behind the veil of mystery. On Monday we heard the Overture to Beethoven's 'Leonora' and the *Andante* to Mendelssohn's Third Symphony fairly played by a very good orchestra. Signor Bottesini performed one of his amazing *solos*, which called forth roars, screams, and other plaudits of ecstasy from beneath the restless expanse of hats,—Miss Dolby sang,—a *trio* for Herr König, Signor Cioffi, and M. Prospère was to come,—and, to conclude, a galop founded on Herr Kiss's statue of the 'Amazon and the Tiger,' by Karl Büller. Are we to have the entire Official Catalogue done into music? A 'Bloomer Polka,' we perceive, may be expected,—and an Indian Quadrille:—possibly, too, a Kossuth Mazurka. In short, neither Wisdom as it passes nor Folly as it flies is thought too high or too low, too heavy or too light, to be set as dances by M. Jullien. Strong, however, as is the spice of quackery in his entertainments, his orchestra is too well composed, his *solo* players are too eminent, and his recurrence to classical music is too frequent, for any one who considers how mixed a thing a vast shilling audience is not to commend him as one who caters liberally—and in some measure intelligently—for a public in quest of amusement rather than of art.—On Wednesday evening, Signor Sivi performed his 'Carnaval de Cuba.'

From the Manchester papers we learn that the death of Dr. Mainzer took place on Monday last. We have nothing new to say—as little to unsay—concerning Dr. Mainzer's position in the world of popular music and its influences. As a man, he was amiable, intelligent, and engaging,—with those touches of the picturesque in his composition and of warmth in his temperament which persuade many whom it would be no easy matter to convince,—and which are essential to the immediate success of a popular orator. Dr. Mainzer's published compositions are few and unimportant.

Among the many engagements by Mr. Bunn for his Drury Lane opera company talked of, is that of Signor Marchesi; who is understood to have been preparing himself carefully with the express object of singing in English.

The *début* of Madame Tedesco at the *Grand Opéra*, in M. Halévy's 'Reine de Chypre,' is said by the *Gazette Musicale* to have been decisive as to her excellence. Her voice is described to be an excellent *mezzo-soprano*, two octaves and a half in compass; of even quality throughout, with impressive lower tones, and of considerable power. Her execution is also praised as sufficient, her person is admired as pleasing, her acting is admitted to be satisfactory. Such a lady as this must be a valuable acquisition at the *Grand Opéra*, where, ever since

the days of Madame Stoltz, a low voice has been in request. A great dramatic *soprano* (that most precious of all rarities) is still "to seek," unless Mdlle. Wagner or Mdlle. di Grua fill the blank, or unless Mdlle. Cruvelli take herself to task and gain the full command over her magnificent natural gifts.

We have mentioned the third opera-house which has recently been opened in Paris, for about the thirtieth time, to meet the desires of a public weary of monopoly, and to satisfy "men of parts" in distress for a hearing. The proceedings there have been characterized by that oddity which appears to be constant to establishments having like objects and pretensions. In distress for something presentable, the management has already been driven to offer such novelties as versions of Rossini's 'Barbire' and Boieldieu's 'Ma Tante Aurore.' This, however, is not unique. More than one theatre opened for the reception of the unacted drama has fallen back within the first month upon 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'The Hunchback.' What is to be gathered from "a configuration" which appears to be organic, not accidental? Some such facts as these:—that not only is real novelty hard to find, but that the public does not always manifest that passion for novelty which is theoretically assumed to exist by those who maintain that "it is those stupid managers who keep the chain on the door."—M. Félicien David's coming opera, however, may perhaps deliver the new theatre from a state which cannot be described as prosperous even by the most plausible and self-interested of its partisans.

At the recent inauguration of the statue of William the Conqueror at Falaise, the music sung had been composed for the occasion by M. Auber.

A new tenor, Signor Pozzolini, has appeared at St. Petersburg, in the part of *Nemorino* to Madame Persiani's *Adina*, in 'L'Elisir,' with good success. An artist competent to take this line of characters was wanted; since the tenors who have succeeded to Rubini's heritage—waxing ambitious, we presume, on the strength of their triumphs in grand opera—are now too apt to decline many of the parts which Rubini was content to sing, and in which he was able to produce an effect on the public.

Madame Sontag's appearance at the Frankfurt Theatre is said to have drawn a crowd nearly as numerous and animated as those attracted by Mdlle. Sontag in the days—now nearly a quarter of a century ago—when the enthusiastic youth of Germany drank champagne out of the shoe which she left behind her.

Mr. Webster's new engagements for his coming campaign include the names of Mrs. Sterling, and Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff. The latter two artists are announced as about to appear in a new play.

MISCELLANEA

The Cloister Court, New Houses of Parliament, offers the most elaborate elevation to be found throughout the building. The other inner courts, it will be remembered, are all very plain and bald. This is for the most part a restoration by Mr. Barry of the old work, which had been miserably altered, patched, and disfigured by previous architects. * * * The masonry of the other parts of the Parliament Houses is proceeding gradually; the clock-tower grows and grows, and promises to have a somewhat attenuated effect. A few nights ago, when we passed over the crippled Westminster-bridge, there was a clear sky and a bright moon; the width of the Thames was marked by the lamps on the bridges and on the shores, reflected in long still streaks of light on the water; and the immense pile, which is now beginning to take its real outline, produced a grand effect.—*Builder*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Peregrinus—A Constant Reader—C. B. L.—N. T.—W. S.—J. P. C.—One of the Music-loving Public—received.

G. G.—This correspondent's communication is not suited to our columns.

AN ARTIST.—The particulars sought may, we believe, be learnt at the office of the Austrian Commissioner, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly.

WEBER'S THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.—The notice of this book appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 16th of August.

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This Company was established in France in May, 1850, under the French law of "Commandite," by which the liability of each Shareholder is limited to the amount of his Shares, and these Shares being paid up in full on allotment, and being to bearer (au Porteur), are not subject to any call or registration, and no deed has to be signed.

According to this law (commandite) the affairs of the Company are conducted by the *Gérant*, under the advice of the Comité de Surveillance in Paris; the Commission of Supervision in London will, however, have the supervision of the affairs of the Company in England and California, and an Agent charged with the full powers of the *Gérant* will represent the Company in London.

Shares to the amount of 46,000, have been already issued, and the amount of Capital raised thereby has been applied to the purchase of Leases of the mineral property proposed to be worked by the Company, and in payment of the expenses incurred in the establishment of the Company in France and California.

The Capital to be raised from the remaining portion of the Shares will be applied to purchasing and sending out the necessary machinery, with an efficient staff of miners, artisans, and competent agents, skilled in the various processes adapted for the extraction of gold; to the working of the Mines, and to the payment of all charges and expenses incurred in England and France.

The proceeds of the Mines, after deduction of all expenses incurred, will be divided rateably among the Shareholders, and the Dividends will be payable in Paris and London.

The Leases and Contracts of the Mines are deposited with Messrs. Vallance & Vallance, the English Solicitors of the Company.

The Mariposa district in which this Company's property and mines are situated is shown in the Map accompanying the Prospectus. It was purchased in 1848 by the Honourable John Charles Fremont, and negotiations having been opened with him, through the Honourable David Hoffman, his sole representative in Europe, a grant was obtained, entitling the Nouveau Monde Company to four sets on the Mariposa vein, or at the option of the Company on any other part of his estates.

Subsequent to this, the Company purchased the lease of Baldwin's Mine, and two other leases which were granted by Col. Fremont. Baldwin's Mine is upon the great Mariposa quartz vein which has been found so largely productive. The report of Captain Jackson in reference to this Mine is annexed, from which it will be seen that, in respect to its position—the character and size of the vein which has been developed—the richness of the ores it produces and facilities for working—this set is one which is eminently distinguished as having all the elements essential to the success of a mining enterprise. The specimens from "Baldwin's Mine" are extremely rich and may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

The grants to the Company are for Twenty-one years, with clauses for a renewal for a further term of Twenty-one years, under a Royalty of One-sixth of the gold produced; and the superficies of auriferous land secured by them, comprises an extent seven times greater than that possessed by any other Company.

These grants are exempt from Royalty during a period of eighteen months, from August, 1851, or until the profits from the Mines shall have re-imbursed the Company 17,000, of their outlay in machinery and works.

Exclusive of these Mining sets there are also 500 acres of other land, principally forest, the timber upon which will secure to the Company an abundance of material for building, fuel for steam engines, and other Mining purposes.

In addition to these valuable grants, the Company has secured a Contract for a Lease from Colonel Fremont, of ten acres of land, upon which it is intended to erect works

for the extraction of Gold. This Lease is for a term of forty-two years, upon conditions highly favourable to the Company; and it is intended to erect steam-engines of sufficient power, with machinery of the most approved construction, for crushing, grinding, and amalgamating quartz ores. These will be employed not only in the extraction of Gold from ores raised from the Mines leased by Colonel Fremont, but will also be employed in the reduction of the quartz ores raised in the surrounding districts.

This branch of business is a distinguishing feature in the intended operations of the Company, as, independent of all other considerations, a large revenue will be readily obtainable in California from such a source. This view is confirmed in a letter from Col. Fremont to Mr. Hoffman, dated 15th of May, 1851, in which he deprecates the inefficiency of the machinery hitherto employed.

It is gratifying to the Commission of Supervision to state that they have secured the valuable services and co-operation of the Hon. Mr. Hoffman, as legal adviser on American law, and they have been desired by that gentleman to state, that in the present instance only, can he consent to act in connexion with any company of this nature.

It might naturally be anticipated that some estimate should be presented of the profits expected to arise from this enterprise, the Commission of Supervision are, however, determined to avoid putting forth any statement which cannot be borne out by the most undoubted evidence; they prefer to rely upon admitted facts as to the vast results which have already been obtained by parties possessing no facilities for advantageous working, and on the means and resources which are at the command of this Company, rather than upon any calculations based on the richness of selected specimens of quartz ores.

The advantages peculiar to this Company may thus be briefly enumerated.

1st. That the Shares are to bearer—no registration is necessary, and no deed has to be signed. 2nd. That the Company possesses a lease of a located mine, the produce of which is verified by the report of Captain Jackson. 3rd. That the Company possesses a tract of auriferous territory seven times greater than that possessed by any other Company in Europe or America. 4th. That the terms of the leases of the mining sets are for 21 years, with clauses for renewal for 21 years. Lastly, that the Company has an additional lease, for 42 years, of lands for the erection of works for the extraction of Gold.

The following Letter has been received from the Hon. David Hoffman, addressed to Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, the President of the Council of Supervision in Paris—

To the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte,
President of the Council of Supervision of the Nouveau Monde Company.

Monsieur—As the sole Representative and duly authorized Agent in Europe of the Hon. Col. John Charles Fremont, I have the honour to certify that the Company of which you are President possesses Leases of seven tracts of auriferous territory in California, each Lease entitling your Company to a location at their own choice on the great Mariposa veins or elsewhere, as also in connection with the said Tracts of a due quantity of agricultural and timber lands, subject to the like selection as your Company's Agents may decide.

These grants comprise an extent of Land greater than any which has yet been conceded by Col. Fremont to any Company, either in Europe or America; and by the terms of the Contract, the whole of the said Lands are occupied from any Royalty for a period of Eighteen months from this day, unless the profits of working the Mines shall at an earlier period have repaid the cost of purchasing and erecting the machinery and fixtures to the extent of 17,000.

It is due also that I should assure you of the repeated expression by Col. Fremont of the high gratification he feels at the

prospects of the various lessees soon entering upon their location, and the full belief which he entertains of the profitable and successful result.

I have the honour to be,
Your most obedient Servant,
DAVID HOFFMAN,
Representative of Col. John Charles Fremont.
London, 13, Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly,
15th August, 1851.

Report from Captain Jackson as to "Baldwin's Mine."

To the Council of Supervision of Le Nouveau Monde Mining Company.
Gentlemen—Agreeably with your request, I hand you herewith a Report made by me to D. A. Baldwin, Esq., on the 28th day of March, 1851, on the Baldwin Mine in Alta California, Mariposa County and River, and subsequently transferred to your company.
Yours respectfully,
WM. A. JACKSON, Mining Engineer.
London, September 23, 1851.

To D. A. BALDWIN, Esq.

Dear Sir—Having been actively engaged for nearly two years in Alta-California, in making explorations of the mining region, and publishing a map of the same; and having visited and personally inspected the Baldwin Mine, I therefore, at your request, make the following Report—

By a lease from Col. John Charles Fremont to D. A. Baldwin, dated on the 30th day of May, 1850, a location was made and entered by Robert S. King, Esq., on the 28th day of November, 1850. This mine is situated and lies on the great Mariposa Lead vein, about three-quarters of a mile west from the city of Mariposa, and near the river of the same name.

The piece of plot of ground embraced in this lease and location is 600 feet square, and was regularly entered upon and occupied by the said R. S. King, for D. A. Baldwin, and the operations of mining commenced by making cross-cuts upon the vein. The corner boundaries of the said location being plainly marked on four trees, with the initial letter, and one at the beginning—namely in full.

From the original survey, the boundaries of this Mine begin at a large oak tree, west of the Missouri Gulch, and marked "D. A. Baldwin," and starting at the said tree, which is the S.W. corner, and running thence 600 feet through Glen Gulch, N.E. to an oak tree on the side of the hill, and marked "B," thence running E.S. East, 600 feet, to a pine tree, marked "C," thence to the oak tree marked "D. A. Baldwin," the place of beginning.

This mine is a continuation of the Mariposa vein, and is traceable by outcrops at different points for three or four miles from the Ave Maria Creek, westwardly to the Agua Fria River. The vein presents at the various points at which it has been cut down upon, an uniform and regular formation of Quartz Ore containing gold, and dipping at an angle of about 45 degrees to the South. From the assays made by numerous chemists and assayers and others from the quartz ore which contains gold, and is visible to the eye, the result of the averages has been from 31 to 4 dwts. to the 100 lbs. of ore, or 3 dwts. to the 100 lbs. of ore, and another series of assays of that in which gold miners' bushel: and in many of the places, showed a result of from 15 to 15 dwts. per 100 lbs. of ore. Some specimens taken from the Mine by Mr. King, the intelligent mineralogist, who made the survey and location, would yield over 200 dollars to 700 dollars to the 100 lbs. of ore. Selected specimens would show a far greater yield. The situation of this mine is very eligible for operating to great advantage, and at moderate expense. It is immediately on the main wagon road from Stockton to Mariposa City. Stockton, being 8 miles distant, is the place of debarkation for all machinery and stores, from which places machinery in pieces of one or two tons weight can be carried by teams eight months in the year, and at moderate charges.

The trip is about four days by wagon from Stockton. From San Francisco to Stockton there are five steamers plying regularly, and numerous sailing vessels, at reduced rates of freight.

There is an abundance of fine Timber at hand for building and for putting up machinery, and fuel within a few hundred yards of the mine. The health of this region is proverbially good, little or no sickness ever heard of. The Mariposa river affords water, within a short distance of the mine, for all purposes necessary for engines, and for washing and amalgamation of its ores.

I have the honour to remain, your obedient Servant,
WM. A. JACKSON,
Mining Engineer.

Applications for Shares may be made at the Company's Offices; or to the Brokers of the Company, on or before the 28th inst., after which no applications will be received.